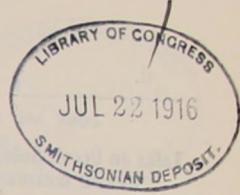


Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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No. 1,851.—VOL. XXXVI. [Registered as]

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916.

[a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	209
An Interview with Mrs. Mary Gordon	210
Telepathy from the Dying	210
A Generation Ago	210
A Journalist's Prophetic Dream.....	211
The Problem of Great Names.....	212
The Soul: Its Nature and Powers.....	213

Yvonne: A Human Document.....	214
Why Music is Healing	215
The Direct Voice: Its Evidences.....	215
Sideights	216
The Shadow Cast Before	216
Passing of Lord Sandwich	216
A Telepathic Message from the Front	216

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A clerical correspondent writes:—

In *LIGHT* (p. 198) Mr. Kitson quotes Bishop Hutchinson's opinion that Exodus xxii., 18, Deuteronomy xviii., 10, 11 and Leviticus xx., 27 are interpolations foisted into the Authorised Version at the instance of James I. I am not sure that the Bishop is right, for (1) the passages are all three retained by the Revisers of 1881, and (2) they are in the Septuagint. There may be some explanation which would verify the Bishop's assertion. If so it would be interesting to have it.

Some of our readers learned in Biblical exegesis may be able to settle the point. It presented the same difficulty to us when we read Mr. Kitson's article, without the opportunity to refer to the book from which he quotes. The point, however, is really not an important one as regards the general argument. In his edition of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" Mr. "Angus McArthur" deals with the subject fully in his Notes to the volume. Of Biblical prohibitions of spirit intercourse he observes first that in allusions to "familiar spirits" the manifestations are treated as realities, so that those who deny the reality of spirit intercourse, arguing that it is no better than delusion or fraud, "are absolutely put out of court so far as the Bible is concerned." He proceeds next to show that these prohibitions of dealing with familiar spirits must refer, and can only refer, to dealing with bad as distinguished from good intelligences.

CONTENTS.

In studying subconscious phenomena investigators often handicap themselves by adopting methods that are quite unsuitable to the inquiry. They are so accustomed to work under clearly defined conditions in physical research that they are embarrassed and suspicious when they have to deal with manifestations that do not conform to known laws and are spontaneous in their occurrence. The subconscious activity of the mind is now generally accepted by psychologists, and its phenomena are no longer referred to the domain of hysteria or hallucination. There is good reason to suppose that it is the source of all supernormal faculty and the connecting link between incarnate and discarnate minds. It inspires the best work of writers, musicians and painters, it becomes a curative force of great power in the hands of the alienist, and is a predominating element in all persons of marked individuality. Judged by its spontaneous action alone the conclusion seems warranted that the subjective mind, untrammelled by objective limitations, is able to increase in a remarkable degree the mental and bodily powers, to influence or modify the laws governing matter, and to perceive and assimilate knowledge which ordinarily has to be obtained by a slow and laborious process of induction. A possible instance of subliminal sympathy and understanding is the peculiar power possessed by idiots and other mentally afflicted persons to tame and subdue wild animals. Their immunity from harm, even where ferocious beasts are concerned, has been frequently observed.

Mr. Hilary Severn, joint author with Doris Severn of "The Next Room," writes:—

Clairaudience and clairvoyance are faculties inherent in all men, latent in some and varying in degree of manifestation in others. But, like all other faculties, they must be used with judgment and common sense. They are manifested at all ages from childhood onwards, and may increase, decrease or again become latent. Continuing with us in the next life, they serve as one of the means of communication between the two states. There is nothing more mysterious or wicked (as some think) in them than in any other faculty. They are not a special gift to individuals, nor would they be thought so if they were developed as generally as those with which we are familiar. In Biblical times they were accepted as a matter of course, and in Anglo-Saxon literature instances of the exercise of these faculties are recorded without special comment. It is the growing materialism of the last three or four hundred years which has classed them with lunacy or the powers of evil. It may be on that account that their latency has been increased, and it may be that with the present day of growing Spiritualism there will be a reawakening. One thing is certain: every faculty which we possess is God's gift, and, as such, we have the right to make the fullest use of it.

HYPNOTIC CURES.—Discussing cures by hypnotic suggestion at a meeting of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society on the 23rd ult., Mr. Robert Allen said that faith was not necessary in the subject, but it was a prime necessity in the operator. Among his cures were some he had not before felt capable of performing, but he had felt that he was entirely ignorant of the limitations of the science, and had accordingly been daring. He had taught a lazy but clever school-boy to take an interest in arithmetic, but the suggestion lasted only three weeks. He had cured a lady of the habit of cigarette smoking, and another of excessive tea drinking.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. MARY GORDON.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, the present secretary of the Union of London Spiritualists, is not only an excellent clairvoyante and psychometrist, but a ready and able speaker. Her gift of clairvoyance—which she exercises under normal conditions—must have been with her all her life, for she recalls that almost as long back as her memory extends she has had dreams and visions, and seen colours which do not belong to the ordinary range of physical vision, with the result—usual in such cases—that she was always regarded as an odd child whom nobody could understand.

In the recent chat I had with her I learned that, though of Scotch descent (her grandparents hailed from north of the Tweed), Mrs. Gordon was born in Kensington. What seemed to her to be the starting point in her life—she attributed it to spirit influence—was the very early interest she felt in religion. At eleven years of age she was taking an infant class in the Sunday school, and her participation in this form of work continued off and on till she had nearly attained her thirtieth year. Indeed, before she became a Spiritualist she had been associated with all kinds of movements. Beginning in the Church of England, her religious activities soon took an undenominational character, and she found herself engaged in slum work, helping in the open-air services of the Children's Special Service Mission at the seaside, &c. Next she joined the Congregational body, and became a member of the Pentecostal League—"a fine movement, often attended with marvellous spiritual experiences"—and of the Christian Endeavour Society. But all these things left her with an unsatisfied longing. Then came her introduction to Spiritualism. Her entrance into the movement was entirely independent of her own volition. At her first visit to a Spiritualist hall she had a wonderful description given her through a medium, which covered the main points of her life. The spirit foretold among other things that she would become an active worker for Spiritualism—a prediction which had certainly been fulfilled. She had now been a worker in the movement for about eleven years (she had previously been a platform speaker for thirteen years), and, strangely enough, she began, it might be said, at the top by being appointed president of a society.

Though, as already stated, she had been accustomed from childhood to having visions, the reality of the clairvoyant faculty, either in herself or others, was a thing of which she was for long uncertain. Conviction was finally brought home to her in a very remarkable way—through the agency of her own child. It was at a time when she was in poor health, and the spirit of an African healer had been described to her as being in attendance on her to magnetise her. She discredited the statement till one day when baby astonished her mother by insisting that there was a "black man" behind her, and manifesting a very strong objection to his presence!

In witnessing physical manifestations Mrs. Gordon is conscious of any undesirable element by a strange odour. The sense of smell which enables her to detect this odour must, she believes, be purely psychic as her physical sense of smell is practically non-existent.

Of the success and value of her work Mrs. Gordon preferred to leave others to speak, but she had some very decided views to express regarding the present position of mediumship, its claims and duties. With regard to the education of mediums and speakers, this had been no doubt much neglected in the past, but she thought the pendulum was now too much inclined to swing the other way. She had heard very well educated people talk absolute nonsense, though the smooth polish of their style and its freedom from slips in grammar or pronunciation made it sound like sense. She disapproved strongly of the tendency of some mediums to claim that they were the mouth-pieces of some of the past great ones of the earth. Decent mediums would always carefully avoid mentioning great names as their inspirers. Whatever their own conviction might be as to the personality of their spirit control, it was far better to let the value of the message speak for itself than to endeavour to give it additional authority by attributing it to some great writer, teacher, or leader of men in the past. D. R.

TELEPATHY FROM THE DYING.

In an arresting article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of June 17th, called forth by a review in its columns of her latest novel "Do the Dead Know?" Miss Annesley Kenealy writes—

It has been established beyond a doubt that before and during the sundering of soul and body flash-messages can, and do, pass between the dying and the living. In the tenderness born of love there arises an urge to convey a message of hope and comfort to those who are left behind, an urge so poignant as to create a medium for mental telepathy. Such messages have come to me with an impression vivid as lightning.

Walking one winter afternoon in Sloane-street, I suddenly heard the voice of a man I was shortly to marry.

He said distinctly "Good-bye,——" (using a name known only to ourselves). "It's all over between us." I turned. "But why?" I asked aloud. Then, seeing nobody, I knew the relentless thing that had happened. "Where are you?" I cried in distress. The answer came, laboured and breathless, "At the —— Hotel, Liverpool," an hotel I had never before heard of.

The impression of calamity was so strong upon me that I telegraphed to his family asking his address. The reply came that he had been called on business to Liverpool, and was in the very hotel his voice had named.

Next day news reached me of his sudden death at the very moment he had spoken to me in Sloane-street. A part-finished letter to me, the ink still wet upon it, was found beside him. He had just had time to ring his bell, ask for and obtain a doctor. Feeling the hand of death upon him his thoughts had flashed to me.

For a long time afterwards he was with me constantly. But of so tender and beautiful a miracle as this I am unable to write.

The death of another friend with whom I had always been in telepathic communication was conveyed to me almost dramatically. He had undergone a slight operation. Nobody had dreamed that the consequences could be serious—or that there were likely to be any consequences. But at three o'clock morning I woke with a strong conviction that he was dead. And it was so. He passed at the very hour that a vivid impression of his death had roused me from sleep. Honourable beyond the grave, I was deeply distressed for many months after by his incessant efforts to explain why a promise he had made me had not been fulfilled.

But, further than these flash-messages, though Death hides his secrets well, some persons who are sensitive to psychic influences may, and do, receive glimpses of a world that is not our actual and visible world, and are able thus to bridge the aching distance between themselves and those who have passed.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 3RD, 1886.)

HEALING AT A DISTANCE.—. . . At the suggestion of a friend in New Zealand, I consulted Mr. J. W. Singleton, of East Melbourne, concerning a member of the family in New Zealand, who was suffering from lumbago. That gentleman (Mr. S.) furnished me with a piece of flannel which he had magnetised, and directions how to apply it. I simply carried this over to the General Post Office, City of South Melbourne, and posted it, without opening it or touching it. Mr. Brewster (a gentleman to whom I mentioned what I had done) expressed his conviction that it would cure the sufferer, but added it would be through the action of his imagination, and not through the action of the magnetism of Mr. Singleton. The cure was complete. . . . The publicity of such facts may, and must, subserve the cause of science; for I beg to differ with my prognosticating friend (Mr. Brewster), and I think the cure was wrought by the action of Mr. Singleton's peculiar magnetism, and not by the force only of the New Zealand gentleman's imagination.

—From a letter by MR. R. CALDECOTT, of Port Melbourne.

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As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, LIGHT will be sent for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a "trial" subscription. It is suggested that regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to the Manager of LIGHT at this office the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, he will be pleased to send LIGHT to them by post as stated above.

A JOURNALIST'S PROPHETIC DREAM.

The subject of dreams and prophecy receives a specially vivid illustration in an article which originally appeared in "Puck"—an extinct London weekly—of January 4th, 1890, in which Edgar Lee, a journalist of note in his day, and whose name is still a well-remembered one, tells the story of an extraordinary prophetic dream, one of several which came to him.

Edgar Lee prefaces his story with the statement that he would never have written it if he had not been urged to do so by his friends, since the subject was a sacred one to him, and to tell it only a week after the verification of the dream made it a pain. But he adds that it is a narration of facts so remarkable in character that no one who reads them is likely to have heard their equal either in the realm of fiction or the beaten track of life.

He then tells how in the summer of 1884 he was living at Nunhead, within a short distance of the great cemetery there, and was in the habit of going to town every day.

On arriving home one night, thoroughly tired out, he found, much to his annoyance, a letter from the proprietor of a weekly paper which he edited, telling him that a certain article they had discussed a fortnight before must appear in the current week's issue. That meant that the article had to be written there and then, and, weary as he was, Edgar Lee sat down to his inevitable task. Before commencing he lighted his briar, and after puffing away for a few seconds, "dazed and stupid and sleepy, dozed off."

It seemed to him in his dream that he heard a tapping at his window pane, and the sound of steps outside, whereupon he rose and opened the door to find Arthur Sutton, then well-known as a journalist and poet, standing in the moonlight outside. After the usual greetings, Sutton explained the lateness of his call by saying that he was troubled with insomnia, so he had started for a long walk in order to tire himself out (he lived within a short distance of the British Museum, so the walk had been a fairly long one). The two friends sat and smoked for a time, and then at the suggestion of Sutton they left the house for a neighbouring hostelry, where they remained for a time chatting on literary matters and newspaper work.

The story continues:—

When we emerged into the bright moonlight, Sutton put his arm in mine and said:—

"I am going to make a strange request. Will you come and take a peep into the cemetery?"

"But why?" said I. "In the first place, it is not on your way back to 'town; in the second, it's a trifle uncanny, and in—"

"Surely you're not afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid; but it's a curious whim."

"Listen," said he, impressively; "I have a particular reason for wishing to see the inside of that cemetery *to-night*."

"Very well," I rejoined, "if you wish it I'll accompany you, as it will only take a few minutes; but I must say it's not much to my taste."

We passed up by the corner of Brown's Cricket Field to the railinged wall of the cemetery, and walked on and on until we arrived almost at the very end—that is to say, where the wall turns to form the other side of the Macpelah.

"My dear Sutton," I said, "I'm past the age of moonlight strolls. Let's get back."

"Presently," he replied; "but I want you to come inside here first with me. I have something to show you that you will never forget."

His manner was singularly emphatic and imperative, too, and the next moment he called my attention to a rickety railing which, on moving aside, left room for a good-sized man to push through.

"Get over," said he, and mechanically I obeyed him, but I remember, as well as though it were yesterday, how I shuddered as the sudden thought struck me that he had possibly lost his senses, and had for some inexplicable reason inveigled me with a madman's cunning to this lonely spot to murder me.

"What is your game?" I asked.

"Simply this: I know you are fond of the marvellous—read that headstone over there."

I did so, and found my own name, the date of my birth, and the date of my death, with this curious shortcoming—that moss and green mould had covered the last figure of the year, which was, as well as I could make out, 1907 or 1909.

"Well," I said, "I seem to have a fairly good innings."

"Yes, you have not much to complain of. Now come and look at mine."

As we wended our way among the graves I began to feel very puzzled at the entire thing. At last we came to an open grave, by the side of which was a headstone lying face downward on the heaped-up soft clay.

"Mine," he observed with a smile.

"Help me to turn the stone over," said I; and with our united efforts this was soon done.

There, sure enough, was his name, the date of his birth, and that of his death, only that it seemed much fresher, as though newly painted.

"April, 1887," said I. "By Jove, Sutton, you haven't much time before you."

"What is the day in April?" said he.

I stooped down to clear off the clay which covered the date, and as I did so I woke to find myself in my armchair, pen, ink and paper before me, just as I had sat down to write my article.

My pipe had dropped out of my mouth, and with that exception everything was precisely as it had been before I went to sleep. I re-lit my pipe and looked at my watch. It was only two minutes past twelve.

This I could not believe; and remembering that just before I dozed off I heard the kitchen clock strike twelve I went out to examine that ancient horloge.

I had been asleep rather less than two minutes!

I told this story to a good many men in Fleet-street at the time, and, among others, to Sutton himself, who was highly amused at it; but when I heard about a month ago that he had taken to his bed, and that the doctor shook his head over the case, the whole force and recollection of my extraordinary dream came crowding back on me, and I went to see him.

I found him wasted to a shadow. His sisters had come up from the country to nurse him, but they, as well as I, could see there was very little hope.

I was naturally careful, when with him, to make no allusion to my dream in any way, lest it might unstring his nerves, now debilitated by a long illness; but on April 11th I sat by his bedside for a short ten minutes, trying to cheer him by recounting some journalistic anecdotes, which form of gossip he delighted in, and as I rose to go he took my hand in his and said very calmly and solemnly:—

"April, 1887."

"Yes," I said; "I know what you mean."

"You never saw the date, did you?" he asked quietly.

"No."

His head sank again on his pillow; and as he died on the 15th I had no opportunity of seeing him again.

Now comes probably the most remarkable part of this singular dream.

His friends, to whom not a word of my dream had to my knowledge ever been breathed, decided to bury him in Nunhead Cemetery on Primrose Day, and I, in common with three or four old friends, went down to the funeral by train from Victoria. On the way down I told this story, much as I have told it here, and I also told them that although I had never been inside Nunhead Cemetery in the flesh, in my life, having shared with Sutton a strange repugnance for the place, such as I have never felt for any other mortal repository, yet I had several times after my dream passed outside the cemetery wall and seen the spot where the ghostly incident took place.

"Could you point it out?" said one of my companions.

"This seems a tremendous cemetery, and if you could absolutely point to the very place where poor Sutton will be laid, your dream will be singularly corroborated."

We reached the brow of the hill leading to the church, and I looked round over the enormous expanse of graves. At last, far down in the angle of the cemetery, I saw the place, and unhesitatingly said, "He will be buried yonder—this side of the railings."

Twenty minutes after we stood round the graveside and saw him lowered to his final rest in the identical spot I had pointed out to my friends, who are residents in London, and who will, I feel sure, be able to attest the truth of what I have here set on record.

Edgar Lee himself passed away on December 14th, 1908.

THERE needs but little to encourage beauty in the soul, but little to awaken the slumbering angels.—MAETERLINCK.

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THE PROBLEM OF GREAT NAMES.

The fact that spirit intercourse is proved beyond all cavil (if we except the objections of those who are quite ignorant of the subject) does not do away with the existence of many problems which arise quite naturally out of the conditions of communication. This matter of what an old Spiritualist called the "plague of great names" is one of them. In "Christmas Stories," Dickens, who showed an intelligent interest in narratives of the supernormal, devotes a page or two (in "The Haunted House") to some pleasant satire of the Spiritualist of the credulous type who believes himself, on the scantiest evidence, to hold communication with the great spirits of the past (Socrates, Galileo, Pythagoras and the rest). It is a chapter we have heard quoted with amusement by some veteran Spiritualists who found nothing offensive in Dickens's sarcasm and could laugh with him. None the less it is a question which some intelligent inquirers have found a baffling and uncomfortable one. The sensible course naturally is, when a thoroughly reliable communication has been set up with some spirit who in his earth-life figured largely in the world's eye, to question him on the subject. This has been done in several instances—in one especial case by the family of the great man. He was amused when he learned that within a short time after his departure thousands of alleged messages from him had been received by mediums in all parts of the world. Of the great bulk of them he had no knowledge whatever. But he offered a suggestive explanation. The vibrations of his thought and mentality (which was a powerful one) had doubtless found responsive echoes in innumerable minds unknown to him and in responsive natures these had taken concrete forms. But this takes us into the deeper realms of psychology—the flux and reflux of telepathic waves of which at present we know little—and we can in this place only take a glancing interest in that phase of the matter.

The question how far we can accept the messages purporting to be received (often in what appear to be most unlikely quarters) from those who on earth bore world-known names is easily answered. Only where they are strictly evidential. In all other cases the wisest attitude is that of suspended judgment. None the less there is a great deal of prejudice and prepossession to be got rid of. The conditions of the next life bring into operation a principle of which here we know but little—spiritual affinity. A really great soul—known on earth as such—may find opportunities of friendship and ministry amongst those

who in this world occupy but lowly places, but who may yet be spiritually akin to the greatest. The old limitations of place and wealth and power are effectually broken down in the supermundane world. So we must tread warily. And yet if we found some person of mediocre mind and soul boasting of his friendship with Shakespeare or Plato we might justly question the claim on the ground of the obvious disparity of spiritual relationship. The spiritually enlightened, however humbly circumstanced in the flesh, do not, as a rule, boast of their friendships with the famous minds of the past. Their natural modesty would lead them to keep these things in their hearts and even perhaps secretly to doubt whether they might not be self-deceived in the idea of being honoured by the attentions of exalted souls beyond the grave. They would not hold such experiences so cheap as to prattle about them to all and sundry.

No doubt the departure from earth of some great man or woman—whose career was watched by millions with sympathy and admiration—has an immense effect on the psychic side of things. The minds of sensitives all over the world respond to the event, and in some cases, as we know by experience, the resulting phenomena have a distinctly evidential value. Clairvoyants will know of the passing before the news can reach them by any physical means. Where their lucidity of vision is high they will see the famous person and the circumstances of his or her transition, even though thousands of miles from the spot and with no apparent personal link to account for the fact. The records of the best clairvoyants are full of such things. On the other hand, there are many people who are easily "suggested" or psychologised by names and events, and who will bring forth from their imaginations stories of supernormal manifestations or messages, honestly believing them to be true, and quite indifferent to any consideration of evidence. We have reason to believe that there are many entirely genuine cases of communications from the world's great dead. They will bear critical examination, but those who receive them are tremendously handicapped by the state of prejudice set up in the public mind by multitudes of rubbishy "messages" given out as being derived from the same sources.

It is a large and difficult question. So many considerations come in. Ought Shakespeare always to talk as he wrote? We have no knowledge of the style and quality of his conversation when he was not writing his plays and poems or indulging in witty disputation with Ben Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern. A lady who visited Tennyson a few years before his death, and who expected to hear pearls of poetry fall from his lips, complained afterwards with pardonable bitterness that during the whole period of her visit he talked about nothing but his rheumatics! If she had spoken with him as a spirit at a séance and had related a story of similar banal utterances who would have believed her?

Clearly our ideas on these matters need revision. We have still an immense amount to learn concerning other-world modes and standards. We may be too critical and erect mental barriers that will shut out not only illusion but reality. Probably we should do well to get rid of undue reliance on the purely personal side of the matter. In the world's history fools have at times uttered things divinely wise, and wise men have spoken many vain words. If a thing said or done is true and useful, then it is not a matter of the first importance by whom it was done or said. Some of the finest things we know in the literature of spirit communications emanated from those whose name and fame on earth were utterly unknown to us, and we observed many times that they were entirely unconcerned on the point, having outgrown all ideas of self-gloryification. But

we shudder to think how many reams of dismal nonsense have been paraded as psychic script by those who seemed to think that the addition of a great name to rigmarole lent it in some mysterious way extreme value and importance. When we cease to think of men and their messages as "great" except from the standpoint of their spiritual quality and life-values we shall have gone far to solve the problem presented by this question of "great names."

THE SOUL: ITS NATURE AND POWERS.

BY LEWIS FIRTH.

"There lives and works
A Soul in all things, and that Soul is God."

—COWPER.

If there is a term which bears many interpretations, giving rise to varied and oftentimes confusing implications, it is this word soul. Emerson speaks of the Over-Soul, which, individuating in man, forms the background of his being, the indwelling God, the Christos that is yet to be. The Hebrew poet, in his theory of creation, states "that God breathed into man the breath of life, and he became a living soul." The quotation at the head of this essay from Cowper is the immanentists' doctrine of the indwelling God. He is the soul and indwells everything. Shelley speaks of the

"Spirit of Nature! thou
Life of interminable multitudes;
Soul of those mighty spheres."

In these lines, "Spirit, Soul and Life" imply one and the same thing, and are used interchangeably. One could collect an immense body of verse from poets, all more or less expressing the same idea, differing only in metaphor, symbol, and allegory. Let me quote one more stanza, this time from Coleridge:—

"And what if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps divinely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all."

The soul in this verse is the incarnate God, the life of all being, of every flower, and perhaps the rock and crystal, and good brown earth; why not?

I think we may take it for granted that the poet and the theologian, when they speak of the soul, obviously mean the God who is immanent in all things, but who in humanity has awakened to self-consciousness, perhaps God-consciousness, and knows his relationship to the transcendent Spirit.

Such a thought is beautiful, logical, and in accord with the nature of things. This conception has satisfied the religious world for ages, and so long as man remained without the semblance of a science of spiritual psychology, it would no doubt have continued in use. Within the last half-century, however, we have accumulated an enormous body of facts associated with man's psychical life, which necessitates a complete revision of the term soul.

For instance, it may sound strange to many to be told that indwelling the interstices of their physical body is a finer body, which under certain conditions can withdraw and manifest its presence to friends at great distances. To explain satisfactorily the phenomena of the séance-room, or the sporadic happenings in all parts of the world, designated hauntings and ghosts, we have resorted to the conception that man is a tripartite being—body, soul and spirit.

The spirit is the self-conscious Ego, a son and daughter unit of the infinite Spirit, apparently separate and distinct, like children from their earthly parents, yet eternally one with it.

The soul is the body, garment, or vehicle of the individuated spirit. If this conception be in accord with the facts of the spirit body, then we may rightly say that man is a duality—body and spirit. This is the conception which was held by the late Hudson Tuttle.

The spirit, in its desire for expression and in its descent or passage from the inner to the outer plane of matter, draws

around the nucleus grade after grade of substance, in all probability an infinite gradation.

On its inner side the substance may be so attenuated that we may liken it to the substance of thought, which I shall term consciousness. On its outer, external aspect, it is the familiar physical garment.

As the spirit climbs the ascending arc, it dies upon one plane, *i.e.*, leaves that portion of its body which was collected in its descent into matter, and is born into a new life, which bears an analogous relationship to the finer body now worn, as the denser form did to the matter of the plane below.

Death on this hypothesis is nothing more nor less than leaving behind a portion of the spirit's complex garment, to don the robes of a new birth; analogous to the act of a man who, on returning from his daily toil, rids himself of garments that have become saturated with the atmosphere of the factory, stores or office, and dons raiment suitable to the atmosphere of his home life.

And just as we possess the power to change our clothes at will, taking them off and putting them on at our own pleasure, so there are highly developed spirits still in the flesh who can at will quit and return to their physical bodies.

And just as the image is potential within the chrysalis, so within the soul of man is substance of every grade, relating him to every plane of the universe—seen and unseen.

Man's physical body is in all probability the densest of all his vehicles. Within the physical form exists a finer body which, it appears to me, is necessary on all planes, to act as a bridge for the thoughts and life forces to pass over from the spirit, to enable it to receive experiences and express its individuality.

The conception has been breathed into me intuitively that whatever plane a man is born into, the body which relates him to that particular sphere still contains within the form a finer vehicle, which relates him to still higher planes of life, and that at death he sloughs off the outer veil and dons the robes of a finer body.

This body within the outer form is the bridge over which pass the physical, chemical and nervous activities of the physical form, which in a mysterious and so far unexplained manner are translated by the spirit into the consciousness of sound, taste, smell, colour, form and feeling. Colour is a distinct phenomenon of the soul and not the body. It is a distinct creation of the spirit within its own workshop from the materials conveyed by the five or more sense-avenues of the physical body.

Melody, imagination, thought, will, conception, visions, emotions, and in fact the whole knowledge of the external world, in the last analysis, do not belong to the outer body, but to its centre of activity, the soul.

Every phase of mediumship depends upon the power of the soul to link up the evidence obtained in interior states and bridge the hiatus dividing the invisible from the visible. The person whose body can respond readily to the higher promptings of the soul, we call a psychically susceptible individual.

The evidence for the existence of the soul is overwhelming. In the phenomena of trance possession, hypnotism, materialisations, psychic photography and clairvoyance, we are able to observe a little of its mysterious powers. In "Phantasms of the Living," by Messrs. Gurney, Myers and Podmore, we find a mass of well-attested and carefully sifted evidence for the possession of a body which under certain conditions can leave the physical body, travel hundreds of miles, and be objectively perceived by friends who recognised the form.

There are persons who have left on record the fact that while they have been under an anaesthetic, given to enable them to undergo an operation, and when the physical body has been unresponsive to everything around, the soul has withdrawn from the body—if ever it was within—and watched the surgeon perform the operation, so that when normal consciousness was regained it could offer evidence for every detail that had transpired.

The soul, like the human body, is an impermanent structure. Both are utilised by the Ego for purposes of growth; and just as we board a tramcar, train or aeroplane for purposes

of locomotion, so the spirit utilises the soul for rapid transit, by transforming energy into motion at the incredible speed of thought.

The soul responds much more quickly to thought than does the human body. The pure white light of the spirit is refracted by the soul and can be discerned by the clairvoyant as an ever-changing atmosphere of colours. They correspond to the quality of desire, feeling and thought engendered. Let us so order our lives that daily we shall commune with the highest thought, so that the light of our souls shall illumine the dark places of the earth. On the Mount of Transfiguration the plainest face may shine with the light of the divine—the inborn Christos.

YVONNE: A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

BY THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.

[We print the account which follows because of its interest and pathos; the facts have yet to be verified.—ED.]

During the early days of October last I had a strong impression that someone wished to speak to me from the Other Side. I therefore took a card on which were marked the letters of the alphabet, &c., in squares, and a planchette. The result was as follows in abbreviated form. My remarks and notes are placed in brackets. Where the movement betrays eagerness on the part of the communicator the words are printed in capitals:

October 16th, 10.15 a.m.—Very glad to come here. (Name, please.) (Note.—Difficulty.) (Man?) No. (Woman?) No. (Boy?) No. (Girl?) Yes. (How old?) Nine. (What country when in earth life?) France. (Did you go over before the war?) No. (During the war?) Yes. (Name?) (Note.—After much trouble.) Vronne Regjuege. (Who is helping her?) G. Hame. (Is this a little girl you knew in France?) Yes.

6.5 p.m.—(Name, please?) Vac Yun. (What nation?) German. (A soldier?) Yes. (Killed in the war?) Yes. (At what place?) Verdun. Punish England. (Note.—I explained matters from my point of view and he seemed to hesitate as if it were new to him. Who brought you?) G. Hame. (Are you here, George?) Yes. (Is it you who are bringing all these people to me?) Yes (written quickly and eagerly). (You are putting me in for a nice thing, aren't you, young man?) (Written in like eager manner, as if enjoying it.) Yes. (Good night, my lad.) Good night.

October 18th, 11.30 a.m.—(Note.—The little girl came again. She evidently could not master the method of communication, and I fancied she felt it a difficulty that she was talking to one who did not know her language, and who spoke to her in English. She was plainly ill at ease because she could not get her name through correctly, and tried repeatedly, but could only manage the following). Vronne Gilbrou Wayte.

6.15 p.m.—(Vronne?) Yes. (Are you trying to give your second name?) Yes. (Well?) Onu Vuix. Pouvous. Good-night. (Ask George Hame to speak to me.) Voix. (Is that you, George?) Yes. (Is that the little girl's name?) Yes. (Voix?) Yes.

October 20th, 6.30 to 7.10 p.m.—(Note.—I have preserved the spelling, or rather mis-spelling, where it occurs: "Jermans," "urlans.") Vronne Voix. (Are you happy now, Vronne?) Yes. (Then why do you come to me?) Wicked Jermans uhlans killed— (Whom did they kill?) Voix. (Do you mean your father?) Yes. (Were you there when they killed him?) Yes. (Have you seen father since you passed over?) No. (Is that why you have come to me—that I should find him for you?) YES. (How shall I find him for you, dear?) PRAY. (Who told you to ask me to pray for this?) Hame. (Yes, I will pray that you may find father. Is that what you want?) YES. (How did you die, little girl?) Urlans killed me. (What is the name of the town where they killed you?) Verdun. (But the Germans haven't been to Verdun.) Yes! (Did you live in Verdun?) Yes. (Were you killed inside the town?) Yes. (Can you see the picture of the Saviour hanging up over there, dear?) Yes. (Come and kneel before it and pray with me, will you?) Yes.

October 21st, 1915, 11.40 to 11.55 a.m.—Fiddle-player. Killed. Werdun. Voix wrote that. (Are you the father of Vronne?) Yes. (Do you know she has been here?) No. (She is looking for you and can't find you. Have you seen her?) No. (Can't find her?) No. (Can I help you?) Yes. (How

can I help you?) Pray. (Were you a fiddle-player, and killed in Verdun?) Is that it? Yes. (Do you see that picture of the Saviour over there?) (No response.) (Did you worship Him in the earth life?) No. (Were you not a Catholic?) No. (What were you?) (Pointer moved to a blank space.) (Do you mean you were nothing in particular?) Yes. Robbed in words. (I don't quite understand. Do you mean you cannot write very well in English?) Yes. (Well, you didn't go to Mass, I suppose, did you?) No. (After further conversation I asked him if he would kneel and pray, and he answered eagerly, "Yes.")

6.25 to 7 p.m.—(Vronne, are you here?) (Pause.) Yes. (Have you found father?) No. (He was here this morning. Did you know?) No. (Say to me what you said last night, dear.) Pour vous. (Does that mean "For you"? What is for me?) Vous. (Yes, but what did you give to me?) Kiss on your— (Note.—Here the pointing trailed off and stopped.)

October 22nd, 11.30 to 12 a.m.—Voix. (Are you the father of Vronne?) Yes. (Where were you killed?) Verdun. (Did the Germans take and occupy Verdun?) No. (How came you to be killed there, then?) Worked with Germans in Verdun district. (Spy?) No. (What were you?) [?] (Note.—The pointer moved to the square marked "?") (Do you mean you do not wish to tell me?) Yes. (Why?) Worldly fellow. (Would you like to meet your little daughter?) Yes. (Can you see that picture over there?) (Hesitatingly) Yes. (Come and kneel down there and say a prayer with me again, will you?) Yes. (We did, and returned.) (Will you come and meet her here between 11 and 12 to-morrow?) Yes. (God bless you. Good-bye.) Good-bye.

October 23rd, 11.15 to 12.55 noon.—Led over to Jermans Voix. (Is that your confession, Voix?) Yes. (Is that what you were ashamed to tell me yesterday?) Yes. (A traitor to your country?) Yes. (How did you meet your death?) Killed with Paulon opening the vaults, when I was wounded; just while so many people were up plotting to kill Kaiser. (Who were these who were plotting—French or German?) Which? (Those who were plotting to kill the Kaiser.) French (Were you one of the plotters?) No. (What was your part in the affair?) To inform the Jerman officer who were plotting. (Who was Paulon?) Paulon was the urlan who took our officer prisoner.

(I have just read this over again rather carefully. Do I understand that you were below in the vaults of a house listening to the plotters?) Yes. (Telephone?) Yes. (When Paulon opened the vaults you were wounded, and afterwards died of your wounds?) Yes. (Was Paulon with you in the vault?) Yes. (I think I see. You two were in the vaults, and you were the interpreter to Paulon of what the plotters were saying in the room above?) Yes. (And when he opened the door to arrest the officer who was plotting in the room above, you were mortally wounded. Is that so?) Yes. (With what?) Sword or — (Note.—I here had a feeling, both instinctively and also from the movement of the pointer, that my communicator was suffering rather severely mentally. The whole atmosphere suggested agony.) (Are you in pain, Voix?) Yes. (Does it cost you much to tell me all this?) Yes. (Very much?) Yes. (Then that is part of your atonement for your treachery to your comrades and countrymen. Is it this you came here to tell me this morning?) Yes. (And also to meet your little girl, if you could?) Yes. (Tell me, is her name Vronne. She seems to have a difficulty with the spelling?) No. (Is it Yvonne?) Yes. (How old is she?) Nine. (Will you stand aside a moment, and I will try to call her?) Watch; but do not speak to her. Will you do this?) Yes. (Note.—Pause of half a minute, while I mentally called for Yvonne.) Yvonne Voix. (Are you here, Yvonne?) Yes. (Have you some good angel friends who look after you?) Yes. (And where do you live?) Sunny Vale. (Do you come here to see me with the permission of your angel guardians?) No. (Then how do you come here?) Up the Valley. (But are you alone here?) No. (Who came with you up the Valley, dear?) Who brought you to see me? The Angel Teacher. (Will you ask your Angel Teacher if I may tell you what is in my mind, dear?) . . . Well, what is her answer?) Yes. (Now, Yvonne, is your angel bright, very bright?) Yes. (Can you see me?) Yes. (Am I as bright as your angel?) No. (Not nearly so bright, rather dull and dim, I think?) Yes. (Now, look very carefully, and tell me if you can see someone else something like me in this—someone rather dim—like me.—Can you see—anyone?) (Note.—Pause; the pencil slowly wandering and halting, and full of uncertainty; and then slowly and doubtfully) Yes. (Do you know him?) (Note.—Still doubtful as before.) (Look very carefully at him.—Now—do you know—him?) Yes. (Who is he?) FATHER. (Yes, dear, he is your father. Now, don't mind me for awhile; just speak to

him, and then to me afterwards.) (Note.—It is impossible to explain on paper all that is able to be expressed through the movements of a planchette. This movement was, as is often the case, supplemented by a sense, or atmosphere, which the communicator seems to send upon the operator. The pointer moved rather slowly, at a uniform rate, and quietly came to rest at "Good-bye." It expressed a certain degree of sadness, wistfulness, peace and quiet satisfaction, all in one; and a message of thanks to me, not unmixed with affection. I had experienced some rather stiff mental work on her account since Yvonne first came. This morning had been somewhat of a sustained strain of an hour and forty minutes. This last movement, and the feeling that came with it, were ample repayment.)

November 8th, 10.50 to 11.30 a.m.—Yvonne. (Is that Yvonne?) No. (Who, then?) Voix. (Yvonne's father?) Yes. (Well, go on.) Two wounds in head killed me. (With what weapon?) Revolver. (Why do you tell me this?) Because I want to reap my vengeance. (How do you hope to do this through me?) Will you write to Verdun—to Lupyn (?) Voix. (Man or woman?) Woman. (Sister?) No. (Mother?) No. (What relation?) Wife. (What do you wish me to tell her?) To kill plenty of uhlans. (How?) Poison. (Note.—I talked to him, urged him to forgive, and to work up to it by trying to forgo the idea of vengeance, and told him to think it over, and come and see me again.)

November 16th, 11.20 to 11.45 a.m.—(Name, please.) Voix. (Go on, please.) Will you write to Verdun to Voix? (How shall I address her?) Madame. (What shall I say to her?) I snatch this opening to tell you to turn to most solemn vengeance —. (Note.—Difficulty here; it seemed useless to continue.)

November 17th, 11.30 to 11.35.—(Who is here?) Voix. (Please continue your letter.) Good-bye. (Do you mean that you have come to say good-bye to me?) Yes. (Where are you going?) VENGEANCE. (Note.—This was written—or rather indicated by the pointer—some letters vigorously, even fiercely, others weakly and painfully. It seemed as if he tried to gather up failing strength for each effort. I had a feeling also that he sensed the disapproval in my mind.)

WHY MUSIC IS HEALING.

Dr. Albert Gresswell, noting S.R.C.'s inquiry on page 192 as to whether any scientific reason can be given for the healing power of music, refers us to "The Vital Balance," a work dealing with some of the more important aspects of health, which was issued by himself and his brother, Mr. George Gresswell, a few years ago and reviewed at the time in these columns. We find that several paragraphs are devoted to the therapeutic influence of music, of which the authors suggest the following explanation :

Probably music acts on the intimate vibrations of the molecules. These spherical bodies, of which all matter is composed, have an internal molecular motion of their intimate particles (ions) round and round inside their interior, and it is this unceasing movement which is so very essential for vitality. No doubt in ill health and in imperfect conditions of vigour, this movement may become impaired, and music's soothing influence is perhaps due to a restoration of the usual vigorous and regular systematic movements, not only of the molecules themselves, but also of their constituent particles. The continuance of life itself entirely depends on the maintenance of such molecular and intra-molecular mobility, and the larger movements of the structures and organs are also absolutely dependent upon the maintenance of these minute activities. We believe that music, and especially the grander compositions, skilfully executed, have a direct stimulating influence over these minute particles.

WARNED IN A DREAM—One of the most remarkable cases of ethereal communication recorded in history is told in Aubrey's "Miscellanies" (1696) of Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey had gone to Dover to cross the Channel, but when he presented his pass he was apprehended by the Governor, and, despite his protestations, he was detained until after the vessel on which he intended to embark had sailed. A storm came up, and all on board the transport went down. In explanation of his conduct, the Governor declared that the night before he had experienced a vision of Dr. Harvey, whom he had never seen, and a warning to stop him. Thus a valuable life was saved to science, and by what?—Dr. J. D. QUACKENBOS, in "Body and Spirit."

THE DIRECT VOICE: ITS EVIDENCES.

NOTES OF A SEANCE WITH MRS. ROBERTS JOHNSON.

The following notes of a sitting with Mrs. Roberts Johnson are furnished by C. S. S., a correspondent in whose *bona-fides* we have every confidence :—

The séance was held on May 16th, 1916, at a house in Upper Tulse Hill. There were present: A., a manufacturer; B., his brother, an estate agent; C., a Stock Exchange man; D., a local Congregational minister; E., a Cambridge graduate; also six ladies and the medium.

Great pains were taken to exclude every ray of light, and we were a full hour before we succeeded in doing this. Mrs. Johnson then asked that a bowl of water should be placed in the room. This seemed to be necessary for some reason unknown to the medium.

The circle was now formed, Mrs. Johnson arranging the sitters in order that, as she informed us, the auras might blend satisfactorily. We were told not to cross our feet or fold our hands, and later on not to lean forward. If the trumpet touched us, we were to say, "Thank you, friend, who is it?"

The trumpet, a large aluminium one, was placed in the centre of the circle, and near it a sheet of blank paper and a pencil in case any message should be written.

At the suggestion of the medium we sang two hymns and joined in the Lord's Prayer. During the singing, and at intervals during the evening, many of us felt a cold breath, rather than a wind, on the back of our hands. Lights were also visible to several, but not to all.

We then all heard distinctly the sound of planing and sawing. This is quite familiar to sitters with Mrs. Johnson, as readers of LIGHT will know, and is produced by "Joe the carpenter."

Then very quickly came a broad Scotch voice through the trumpet, "Guid e'en, friends, ye've a bonnie circle the nicht; there are a guid many of your spirit friends here."

The first person touched was Mr. D., the minister. He said, "Thank you, friend, who is it?" We all distinctly heard "James—Uncle James." Mr. D. had an uncle James in spirit life, and conversed briefly with the visitor. He recognised him by some distinct mannerism his Uncle James had possessed. Next, one of the ladies got a message from a friend and recognised it. Then A. and B. were touched with the trumpet and a voice came "Charlie—Charlie A." "Is that you, my boy?" said Mr. A. "If it will upset your mother [who was present] don't touch her, touch me." The voice replied, "I am coming to you presently, father." Then to his mother, "There are a lot of us here to-night, mother; Uncle John is here."

Charlie was Mr. A.'s only son, a young officer in the army, and died at Hazebrouck a little over a year ago from wounds received in action near Ypres a day or two before. Charlie's uncle John had passed over some ten years before.

"Sing!" said the voice. The medium asked what was his favourite hymn. His father replied "Jerusalem the Golden," a hymn in which Charlie had joined many times in that room in bygone days. To our astonishment the voice joined ours in singing and other voices as well, all coming through the trumpet. Some of the sitters say that there seemed more voices coming through the trumpet than from the circle.

Mrs. A. asked, "Does it hurt you, Charlie, to speak?"

He replied, "No, sing again."

"What would you like us to sing?"

"O God, our help in ages past."

The voices again joined ours in singing, and at times they were outside the trumpet full and loud. Then Charlie said, "Mother frets too much, she ought to go out more," and "I am glad you are better, father."

Mr. A. asked him if Hal (an old friend killed in the war) was with him. He replied, "Hal is not here now, but Bob is here." Bob was Charlie's brother-in-law and another of the gallant band of young Englishmen who have died for their country in the war.

Mr. A. said, "Bob, have you any message for your people?" In loud, clear tones came the answer, "Tell them I'm not dead." Finally, the voice spoke to Mr. C. (Charlie's brother-in-law) and said, "This is something new to you, Walter."

Mr. E., the Cambridge man, got two voices, neither of which he could identify. Mary E. was one, and an elder brother in spirit life. "Make inquiries," said David, "and you will find this is true." David Duguid interposed frequently, explaining and interpreting whenever a difficulty arose. Mr. B. (A.'s brother) spoke to his nephew, who replied to him.

Several of the ladies got messages which were clearly identified, and lastly Mr. D. was touched and heard the word "Benson."

"Benson," said Mr. D., "is that Monseigneur Benson?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"I am so glad you have come to me, Father," said Mr. D. "I was reading your book, 'The Necromancers,' yesterday. Did you know this?"

"Yes, I was with you."

On being asked what he thought about it now, he replied, "It is quite true."

"What," said Mr. D., "do you still believe what you said in that book?"

"It is quite true that there is no death," came the answer; "I have changed my views since writing the book."

David Duguid then explained that Father B. was going to attach himself to Mr. D. and help him in many ways.

Mr. D. spoke of a trouble he was contending with, and asked if Father B. would help him in this.

David emphatically replied, "Ye are strong enough yourself. Ye'll win through all richt." Several times during the sitting we sang hymns and Scotch songs, the medium explaining that this was necessary to produce the requisite vibrations.

David then told us that it was nearly ten o'clock, and that the medium had a long way to go, so the meeting must close.

For the sceptical a few notes may be useful. Thus, on one occasion the voice through the trumpet was actually being drowned by that of the medium who was speaking at the same time, and who was "hushed" by the lady sitting next to her. The medium was talking at the same time as "Uncle James" was conversing with Mr. D. Sitters at each end of the circle (really a long oval) were touched at various times. On one occasion both hands of the medium were resting on Mrs. P.'s hand when the trumpet touched Mr. E., who replied at once, "Thank you, friend." On another occasion both the medium's hands were resting on Mrs. P.'s when the trumpet touched Mrs. P. herself on the other side. The medium's voice and those of two ladies near her could be distinctly heard singing at the same time as the voices were coming through the trumpet. Mr. A. and most of the friends were strangers to Mrs. Johnson. I can only say that the experience was a very comforting and happy one. The sitters were men and women of practical common-sense and experience, and were not easy subjects for imposture. The séance was genuine and most helpful, and deep gratitude is due to Mrs. Johnson for the use of those wonderful and mysterious psychic powers with which she is gifted.

[Since the foregoing article was in type we have received permission to say that the Nonconformist clergyman referred to is the Rev. Oswald Bainton, the well-known minister of Streatham-hill Congregational Church.—ED.]

SIDE LIGHTS.

"The Soul of an Organ," by Louise Vescelinus-Sheldon (Christopher Publishing House, Boston, U.S.A., Idol.), is a tenderly conceived little story of a young organist, transported, with his gentle sister, Amina, from the ancient town on the Danube where he is choir-master at the Cathedral, to the distractions of New York, and afterwards returning, a stricken man, to die at his old post, with his fingers on the keys of his loved instrument. Amina joins her brother on the anniversary of his death, having previously received many visits from him and learned much of the life beyond. Unfortunately, while there is some good description, our interest in the tale is quickly dissipated by its excess of sentiment and the weakness of the principal character. He quite fails to excite our sympathy.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill has a rejoinder in the June "Literary Guide" to an article by Mr. Joseph McCabe, who doubts the Spiritistic explanation of any psychic phenomena. Mr. McCabe made the alarming (though no doubt chaffing) statement that he had "had an interview with the devil" at a planchette séance, and recounted his experience, which he evidently regarded as typical of all such phenomena. Mr. Hill writes: "Mr. McCabe thinks the proceedings were 'not futile,' but he will forgive me for thinking they were. He says the performance was 'weird' and 'curious.' It might be to an emotional and impressionable man, but that kind of thing is commonplace enough to the experienced psychical researcher. . . . The 'spirits' are, of course, presumably subliminal fractions of the minds of those operating the board. There is no reason to suppose anything else until the planchette writes correctly something that is unknown to those touching it. Then the thing becomes interesting, for it suggests at least telepathy." Mr. McCabe's statement in his article that telepathy has nothing to do with the survival of man, Mr. Hill regards as a rash one. It is true if telepathy is a physical process, but if it is not, then telepathy has a great deal to do with survival.

THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

Premonitions of death have, of course, been common during the war. In the "Daily Telegraph" of June 9th we find a special correspondent, who witnessed the return of our fighting ships to harbour after the recent great naval battle, thus referring to the absence of two of them, the "Invincible" and the "Indefatigable":—

They had been part of the price of victory. Somewhere out in the North Sea the two ships were lying shattered, and two men who had been my friends would never return to port. It may appear strange, but it is the fact—neither of those men expected to return. There is a phase of sailor psychology which has been impressed somewhat vaguely upon me in various areas of the seven seas, but with impressive force since the war began. Students of psychological phenomena may deal more carefully with the matter. I am only concerned with the presentment of the facts. There was a man on the "Pathfinder" who to my pride regarded me as his friend. He spoke to me one day of sending off a parcel by post. It contained all his money and all his valuables, and the parcel was going to his wife. "There is something coming to me," he said quietly, in explanation. Within thirty hours his ship had been destroyed by torpedo and he had gone down with her. So with the man on the "Indefatigable" to whom I have referred. For a week before the call to action came over the wireless he had been in the depths of depression, and had given expression to his belief that there was "something pretty bad on the way." And the "Invincible" case was similar. The sailors have been proved sadly accurate in their forebodings, but they saw stirring work before they "went out."

And now comes a similar story with regard to Lord Kitchener. It is told in a Toulon paper, "Je Dis Tout," and is as follows:—

When Lord Kitchener came some three months ago to the British front, he met at Dunkirk Commandant de Balancourt, to whom he mentioned that a Jack Johnson had dropped not far from him.

"That did not alarm me," said the Field-Marshal, "because I know that I shall die at sea."

THE PASSING OF LORD SANDWICH.

The death is announced of the Earl of Sandwich, K.C.V.O., whose name in the later years of his life came prominently before the public in consequence of his claim to be able to cure disease by prayer and the laying on of hands. He told the clerical and medical committee of inquiry into spiritual, faith, and mental healing, over which the Dean of Westminster presided in June, 1912, that he had exercised the power with success in many cases, and would treat cases with or without doctors whenever he was requested. He recognised his power as a Divine gift, although unable to explain it. We reviewed Lord Sandwich's book, "My Experiences in Spiritual Healing," in LIGHT of September 25th last year. He expired on June 26th at Hinchingbrooke, near Huntingdon, in his seventy-seventh year. He was attached to special Embassies at Constantinople, Berlin, Petrograd, and Morocco, and was for a time Military Secretary at Gibraltar.

A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE FROM THE FRONT.

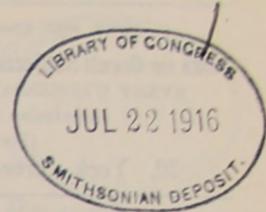
The "Daily Chronicle" of the 24th ult. tells the story of a child's premonition that harm had befallen his father in the trenches, as related by a Ramsgate correspondent.

While the wife of Lance-Corporal G. R. Austen was packing a parcel for her husband at the front, early this month, their three-year-old boy exclaimed, "The Germans are killing my daddy, and I want a gun to kill them." He added, "Don't send the parcel, mammy, because daddy is coming home."

Mrs. Austen paid little attention to the child, but she has now received information that her husband was wounded on the day on which the boy asked her not to send the parcel.

He who has no vision of eternity will never get a true hold of time.—CARLYLE.

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	217
The Shadow and the Reality.....	218
The Promotion of Psychic Science	218
The Gate of Life.....	219
The Strange Case of Dean Bridgeman Conner	220
Rachel Comforted: The Story of a Mother and Child.....	221
A Generation Ago	222
An Episode in the Life of Andrew Jackson Davis	222
The Bible and Witchcraft	223
The Rain of Heaven	223
In Visions of the Night	224
Sidelights	224

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The sentinel elms and giant oaks of the woodland, are they completely unconscious of their surroundings? Is theirs a brooding placidity disturbed only by the whispering breeze, the patterning rain or the lightning stroke? Prof. J. Chunder Bose, in his fascinating investigations of the transmission of nervous impulse in plants, says:—

Plants exhibit many of the activities which we have been accustomed to associate only with animal life. In the one case as in the other, stimulus of any kind will induce a responsive thrill. There are rhythmic tissues in the plant, which, like those in the animal, go on throbbing ceaselessly. These spontaneous pulsations in the one case as in the other are affected by various drugs in an identical manner. And in both instances the tremor of excitation is transmitted with a definite speed along a conducting channel. Plants experience stimulation and depression, and death with them, as with animals, is accompanied by a contractile spasm. Drooping and withering are phenomena that occur long after death has taken place.

The wonderful autograph records secured by Prof. Bose show that the barrier which was supposed to separate the plant from the animal does not exist. They establish the similarity of the responsive action in plant and animal and emphasise the underlying unity of all forms of life. With these significant facts before us dare we suppose that the music of a vesper hymn carried along until arrested by outspread branch and hanging leaf elicits from the shadowy trees a response—vague and indistinct—but akin to that made by the soul itself?

* * * * *

"Body and Spirit," by Dr. J. D. Quackenbos (Harper and Bros., 6s. net), is a book that cannot fail to add substantially to the reputation which the author has already achieved in his own department of psychic science. It contains much practical good sense, the teaching of experience infused and illuminated with the large utterances of philosophy and intuition. In his Introduction to the book Dr. Quackenbos remarks that "the age in which we live is characterised (notwithstanding the appalling worship of the purely material) by a phenomenal quickening of the spiritual consciousness and a corresponding development of spiritual faculty." He observes that we are "confronted with the victories of pure mind over matter and of spirit over flesh." By consequence we are compelled to take into account the supernormal operations of a psychic force resident in all personalities—a force which transcends the accepted laws of physics, which defies the ordinary methods of examination, "discriminates inscrutably among the persons through whom it will exhibit itself in supersensible activities and coquets alike with the scientist and the gudgeon." He states the situation thus precisely and concisely at the outset,

and thereby gives us the key to the book which successfully integrates a large body of facts and experiences in the light of principles which they confirm and by which they are in turn confirmed. Dr. Quackenbos deals, as he tells us, with the "gold of fact," but he remembers that facts are "but the laggards and camp followers of the great forces we cannot see."

* * * * *

As we have indicated in the previous Note, Dr. Quackenbos's latest work is full of instructive ideas and conclusions. Thus, dealing with mesmerism and the subconscious self, he writes:—

There is no such thing as a subconscious criminal. No court would listen to such a plea; police records are barren of such cases. No proof exists that a crime has ever been committed through the instrumentality of suggestion, which is valueless as an agent of temptation in the honest and clean. Criminal acts, if suggested, will not be post-hypnotically committed by persons of balance and principle. A pickpocket may be instigated to ply his craft, or a courtesan to invent new methods of ensnaring her victims, but virtue is unassailable in any subliminal state.

We have only one suggestion here. We think Dr. Quackenbos should have said that no crime has ever been committed through the instrumentality of suggestion *alone*, because suggestion undoubtedly has its part, but only when there is something which it can call into action. On the question of "evil"—which we have so often discussed, finding ourselves sometimes confronted by those who contend that evil is something positive, mysterious and powerful—Dr. Quackenbos tells us that—

All nefarious propensity roots itself in defects of the physical brain. Advanced psychologists reckon with a bad cell as well as a bad soul.

So that there is something to be said for the philosophy which tells us that the soul on passing from earth leaves behind many or most of the conditions which tend to misdirection and vileness of living.

* * * * *

It may strike some readers of Dr. Quackenbos's book as strange that we can write so cordially of the work of one who shows an undisguised hostility to the subject of Spiritualism. But we are ready to take that which commends itself as truth from friend and foe alike. It simply means that Dr. Quackenbos has limited himself to looking for (and finding) evidence of the soul and immortality in the incarnate human being. He quotes Wordsworth's Margaret who complains that it is falsely said "that there was ever intercourse between the living and the dead." He quotes Omar Khayyam, "No one returns to tell us of the road, which to discover we must travel too." We do not complain. By shutting out one portion of the truth Dr. Quackenbos is enabled more strongly to concentrate on the other, and to bring his ideas into a sharper relief. He admits that Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Hyslop take an opposite view and "base their faith in a future existence on their absolute conviction that they converse with friends who have passed away." But he

tells us that "proof of immortality is not to be sought for in the vapourings of Spiritism." Yet who that has studied the subject intelligently ever claimed that psychic evidences demonstrate "immortality"? They can only prove human survival. Immortality is an infinitely deeper matter. Even limiting his view to the study of the soul incarnate Dr. Quackenbos finds that Psychical Science conclusively proves that spiritual existence is independent of a bodily organism and that "personality can and does survive the shock of death." The doctor is deluded if he thinks he can stop there. He writes as a Christian, and a study of the New Testament and its evidences of spirit communion is strongly to be commended to him.

THE SHADOW AND THE REALITY.

A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE.

Miss Lind-af-Hageby recently gave us an account of a psychic happening in the life of a friend of hers. It was so evidential and valuable as an instance of the good that may be wrought by spirit interposition that it seemed desirable to place it on record. We have seen the lady principally concerned, and her account is corroborated by those associated with her at the time of her ordeal. This lady, Miss V——, gave the following particulars:—

On Easter Saturday of the present year, after visiting a medium (who gave her nothing of any special importance) she was seized with an unaccountable depression. It grew daily in intensity until May 31st, when she was awakened at night by what appeared to be a black shadow, the blackness of which seemed to grow denser towards the centre. Two eyes were visible in the shadowy mass which otherwise had no human semblance. She was greatly alarmed, and in the morning not only found herself as depressed as ever, but had the additional affliction of feeling that the shadowy something was near her although she could not see it. On a recurrence of the nocturnal visitation she was greatly disturbed and confided her trouble to some of her friends. It was at first assumed to be some form of illness, possibly the result of overwork, but subsequently two of the ladies (one of them being Miss Lind-af-Hageby), having knowledge of Spiritualism, suggested that Miss V——'s malady might be of a psychic character, and a visit to a medium was suggested. The medium was Mrs. Starl, and here we may let Miss V—— finish the story in her own words.

The moment I decided to go to a medium the sense of depression left me. Directly I visited the medium she went into trance, and her control, "Starlight," said: "There is a spirit here who wants to speak to you." She then described my brother Philip who was killed at Ypres. She gave the circumstances of his death, mentioning how he was hit by a piece of shell. Then he began to talk to me himself through the medium—very faintly at first. It seemed that it was he who was the black shadow, and it was his desire to speak to me that gave me the strange sense of depression. He gave me many consoling messages, called me by a pet name (the medium did not even know my real one), and talked with me on matters known only to him and me. When I left the medium I felt that everything was different—the whole world was different. The shadow and the depression had gone, and instead I had found peace of mind and lasting consolation, for I am still often conscious of my brother's presence.

Such is the story related by Miss V—— and her friends. It is one example out of many of the reality and value of spirit intercourse. But it stands also as testimony to the simple, human and natural character of that which ignorance and morbid and superstitious imaginations may entirely misinterpret. Miss V—— might have been led to believe that the black shadow was an "elemental" or some other monstrosity, but fortunately she was in the hands of wise counsellors, and the solution of the difficulty when it came was a simple and beautiful one. "Truth is always simple, but error is compound and generally incomprehensible."

COMPLETE comprehension is necessary for complete sympathy.—ANNIE BESANT.

THE PROMOTION OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

A SCHEME FOR ORGANISED RESEARCH.

BY GEO. W. MORRIS.

Much thought and discussion is at present in the air on the imperative need for better organised research. That there is room for such development, no progressive Spiritualist who has read our correspondence columns and listened to the varied and jumbled utterances flowing from our platforms will deny. The two meetings that have just been held in London to formulate a scheme to remedy this long-felt want are at one in their demand for a central bureau in which to carry on research work and so help our movement to a clearer comprehension of its mission. But when one turns to the numerous problems that want solving in every branch of Spiritualistic phenomena one is bewildered as to which should be tackled first, so that the movement can directly obtain the maximum number of benefits with a minimum amount of research work. It is the intention of the writer to suggest a scheme that will not only solve this difficulty but will also help to improve and utilise the machinery of our present organisation, poor as it is. These suggestions are in no way final, and no doubt could be improved upon by persons with a wider experience of psychic matters than himself.

THE SUGGESTED SCHEME.

A. The collection of evidence and data from our circles and séances giving a return of the soldiers, sailors, civilians, &c., who, having died or been killed during this war, have made themselves known through the instrumentality of our mediums.

B. The collection and tabulation of prophecies relating to affairs of the movement, both national and international, social and religious. (Note: As far as possible all script submitted should be verbatim to ensure accuracy. Shorthand notes would obviate this difficulty). All matter submitted should give details of the mediumship and will be signed by all the sitters, except in cases where the medium only is present (*i.e.*, automatic writing), when only his or her signature would be needed.

This could be forwarded through the district unions to the central body, with comments on the mediums' qualifications, &c.

The central body could elect a sub-committee to form the bureau. This sub-committee, like the Psychical Research Society, would consist of individuals with recognised qualifications for research work. Their duty would be to deal with problems which the Psychical Research Society, owing to its peculiar constitution, could not attempt. These are as follows:—

1. Sift and tabulate the evidence obtained.
2. Keep a register and record of the mediums involved, with particulars of the type and their qualifications.
3. Give advice to societies and members as to the best methods of obtaining and recording such evidence.
4. Publish weekly, fortnightly, or monthly reports of all results obtained from A and B. That coming under the first category (A) would be published in a column similar to the "Lost Relative" column in the Sunday newspapers, with suitable footnote asking Spiritualists in the localities to which the evidence applies to bring it before the notice of the sorrowing relatives and friends concerned. That falling into division B would be published as in A, but in a different column.
5. A half-yearly or annual report could be published, giving the results of their researches.

THE BENEFITS TO BE OBTAINED FROM THIS SCHEME.

Section A. Fallen Soldiers, &c.—The exceptional circumstances, and the manner in which such tests had been conveyed to the relatives and friends, would bring a greater number of anxious and eager inquirers flocking to our meetings than we now muster. We should not only reach persons who have never heard of Spiritualism before, but would strengthen the convictions of those who at times feel inclined to doubt, besides abolishing that element of sceptical bias which finds expression in such terms as "mind-reading," "telepathy" and "fraud." Clearer scientific evidence of "survival" would be established, inasmuch as it would disclose an overwhelming number of cases in which "unconscious mediumistic fraud" would be absent,

Section B. Prophecy.—This portion of the scheme deals with a phase that has been sadly neglected by our movement. There appear to be no works adequately dealing with the functions of prophecy, although numerous accounts of prophecies have been compiled and published. This could be remedied by the committee, who, with the material at hand, would be able to throw some light on the obscure laws which govern this class of phenomena, and incidentally probe the fundamental problems of freewill and determinism which puzzle all deep thinkers. There are also a great number of spirit communications bearing upon problems of the day, as well as upon religion; these being sporadic in character and useless in their present form, could be collected together, analysed, and compared. I suggest that more veridical and consecutive messages will be culled by this process than is now obtained by our present lax methods. The familiar "Jig-saw" puzzle is a good analogy: each piece, corresponding to a prophetic communication, by itself would be incomplete, but when placed in unison with the component parts would present an intelligible whole. Further, these messages being a direct revelation from the spirit world would be of such a character that our movement would be a mighty power for good in the world. Truly we should indeed be "led by the spirit," and have a definite message to give the world, guiding it through the vast mysteries of existence, shedding the rays of truth as we march through life into the Great Beyond. The "ministry of angels" would become a realised fact. The vision obtained would place in our hands the key to the trend of events, enabling us to shape our policy accordingly; helping us to a sympathetic comprehension of the wishes and aspirations of Democracy, thus avoiding the mistakes of religious bodies who, having got out of touch with the people, are at present wandering in the wilderness. Finally, we should benefit our organisations as follows: Rejuvenate and accelerate society membership; beneficially increase the circulation of our literature; improve the *status quo* of our mediums and ensure better protection from the persecution which they at present suffer both from inside and outside the movement; stimulate them to improve and develop their gifts with a definite end in view; provide new revelations for that type of person who has sufficiently proved for himself the truth of spirit return; and, lastly, the new truths gleaned would give us such a deep insight into the nature of things that the very clarity of our thinking would enable us to steer our bark through the chaotic seas of wrong thought that beset the world at this present moment. No longer should we have "blind leaders of the blind," for we shall then see through "the glass" clearly, not dimly. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and where there is no understanding of the vision the people perish likewise.

THE GLASGOW MEETINGS.—A special report of the National Union meetings at Glasgow on the 1st and 2nd inst. will appear in our next issue.

A PRESENTIMENT FULFILLED.—Although official intimation of his death was received and a letter of sympathy came from the King and his commanding officer, the mother of Trooper Potter, of Dudley, had a presentiment that he was alive. She would not give her consent to a memorial service, and now a letter has been received from Potter himself, stating that he was captured by the Turks and is a prisoner. He is being capitally treated.

"SPIRIT INTERCOURSE: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE," by J. Hewat McKenzie (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net), is a book which will undoubtedly stir up controversy, if only by reason of its revolutionary character, for in it the author sets out to demolish all theoretical and speculative ideas concerning the conditions of the future life, and to substitute for them a conception as definite and concrete as our ideas of physical geography. The introduction of maps and diagrams into a study of eschatology is not quite new—Andrew Jackson Davis went some little way in this direction. But Mr. McKenzie has gone a great deal further, and his book introduces much of what lawyers know as "contentious matter." The book is well illustrated and clearly and vigorously written. We hope ere long to publish a further and fuller notice by a contributor noted for his critical acumen and his antipathy to purely idealistic views. Whether he will be quite satisfied with Mr. McKenzie's uncompromising realism remains to be seen.

THE GATE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES E. BENHAM.

Rather more than a year ago there passed away William Willett, the author and originator of the Daylight Saving Scheme. The latter years of his earth life were devoted to his ideal with an energy and intensity of purpose that seemed indefatigable, but in spite of all his efforts his appeal fell on deaf ears as far as our legislators were concerned, for though numerous public bodies passed resolutions in favour of his proposal, a Royal Commission reported unfavourably upon it, and the scientific world looked askance at it, as the orthodox votaries of science still do.

Mr. Willett passed away, and the very next year something like a miracle happened. Suddenly the scheme sprang into favour with the principal European nations. Our bitter enemy, Germany, adopted it without a moment's hesitation. Great Britain, in spite of its Royal Commission's anathemas, quickly followed suit. France reconsidered its repudiation of the scheme and also adopted it. Italy and other countries came under the spell, and there can be little doubt that the principle is bound to become practically universal in the countries to which it applies.

With the merits of the scheme we are not concerned. The point I would emphasise is the mysterious influence which, after its originator had passed over to the spirit world, suddenly swayed opinion in its favour and accomplished at a sweep what Willett, when on earth, so vainly laboured to achieve. If, as we believe, it is from the influence of the minds in the cause-world of spirit that ideas are spread and established on the earth-plane, have we not at least a plausible explanation of this remarkable incident in the theory that the inventor of daylight saving found himself in the spiritual world more potent to affect the minds of men here by influx than he was by his literature and lectures while in the flesh? Then, he strove to influence from without; afterwards, from within and with much more telling results.

May we pursue the possibilities of this suggestion by considering the more recent happening that has plunged the whole nation into such great sorrow—the tragic death of Lord Kitchener, by what seemed such a cruel fate? The air is full of lament for the "irreparable loss" that the nation has sustained, and there is no need to minimise the depth of that loss. But of its "irreparable" character we are, perhaps, not competent judges. We need not imagine that Lord Kitchener is less imbued now with whole-hearted patriotism than he has been throughout his whole career. His love for his country and his hatred against the aggressions of a ruthless foe are not likely to be obliterated by the incident of passing through the veil. On the other hand, his outlook may well be enlarged and his powers vastly extended. Time will, perhaps, show us what he is capable of effecting towards accomplishing the great purposes of his soul now that he is unhampered by earth limitations. His message to us at this moment would probably be one of acknowledgment that his work on earth was finished when the summons came, but that from beyond he is still working with new and greater scope and power towards the same end, and perhaps with clearer vision of the ways and means that will soonest tend to the emancipation of Europe from the horrors of war.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF DEAN BRIDGMAN CONNER.

Mediumship, while it relates to other-world conditions, is not so unearthly a matter as to be without its mistakes and failures. These, indeed, stand as a guarantee of its reality and humanness. The unfathomable depths of the human consciousness hold many mysterious things, and the study of psychology is full of examples of spurious matters accepted as genuine and of genuine things lightly dismissed as delusions.

In "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner,"* the author, Mr. Anthony J. Philpott, an American journalist, tells the story of what it is difficult to regard as anything but a great failure in mediumship, notwithstanding that it was redeemed by evidences of genuine powers of telepathy or clairvoyance. The narrative occupies the greater part of the book, and consequently can only be given here in the barest outline: In the latter part of 1894 Dean Bridgman Conner, a young American electrician, went from the United States to the City of Mexico to take up an engagement in the line of his calling. Some ten weeks later he fell ill with typhoid fever. He was removed to the American hospital on the outskirts of the city, where he died. The death was officially certified, and the American Consul-General in Mexico City acquainted Conner's parents of the fact and forwarded his effects.

There the story would have ended but for a curious circumstance. Conner's father had a dream in which his son assured him he was not dead, but held a captive for the sake of a ransom. Mrs. Piper, in the trance state, when interrogated by the late Dr. Richard Hodgson (the then secretary of the American branch of the S.P.R.) who took up the case, confirmed the father's dream, and in the result investigators were sent to Mexico—Mr. Philpott was one of them—to clear up the matter with the aid of clues furnished by Mrs. Piper and her controls. (These clues, by the way, furnished some singular instances of real clairvoyance or telepathy—the knowledge shown was quite outside the normal powers of the medium.) In the end, after long and expensive investigations, in which a Boston newspaper participated, it became clear that the official statement of Conner's death was true. The dream and the mediumistic revelations had no apparent relation to anything which in this world we regard as reality. It was a dream drama, a "subliminal romance."

* "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner." By ANTHONY J. PHILPOTT. (William Heinemann, 6s. net.)

Looking at the matter impartially one is left to wonder why Mr. Philpott thought it necessary to devote a whole book to the case. Such examples as the one he relates are quite familiar to all who have made a scientific study of mediumship. The leading minds of the Society for Psychical Research have been over the ground many times. And in the investigation of such cases we are examining not the evidence for human survival but the subtle and delicate machinery of the mind through which it is presented. That machinery, with its strange revelation of the supermundane powers of the human consciousness, is enough in itself to demonstrate to many investigators the existence of the soul in the flesh even when they have not verified the evidence for the interposition of minds independent of physical conditions. "Subliminal dreams" are only baffling to those who have not sufficiently probed the matter, who are addicted to slapdash solutions and accustomed to pigeon-hole a document before they have mastered its contents. Psychical Research, like many other subjects, has suffered grievously in the house of its friends by just such methods. For the slapdash solutionists are of two orders: those who put down all spirit manifestations to telepathy and those who attribute all telepathic manifestations to spirits. Between the two neither of the agencies at work gets a fair chance. There is one consolation—the reception of the telepathic idea indicates a distinct advance. There was a time when telepathy was derided. Now it is eagerly seized upon as a defence against the "spirit hypothesis." We wonder what will be the next step, because telepathy as an explanation of all the mental phenomena of Spiritualism is wearing distinctly thin. Perhaps it will be the theory of a "world soul"—a rotund and comforting phrase which, as Dr. Hyslop has shown, is simply the "spirit hypothesis" put in other words. In any case "telepathy" is not an explanation of *physical* phenomena except to those of defective education to whom "telepathy" may mean anything or nothing.

Now Mr. Anthony J. Philpott, being a journalist of skill and capacity, has not produced his book as an attack on psychical research, but rather as a contribution to its records. He states as much on page 201 of the volume; he desires rather to aid than to retard its inquiries. Certainly he assists the case for telepathy (if at this time of day it stands in need of further evidence), for in an analysis of the case as presented by him he finds the explanation in telepathic action. But however instructive this conclusion may be to the outside world, it contains nothing new to experienced Spiritualists and psychic researchers; it is simply confirmation from an impartial outsider of the validity of discoveries made and tabulated many years ago. There is, of course, something a little curious about the circumstance of the elder Conner's dream and its outworking in the subliminal consciousness of Mrs. Piper, but that leads us into a speculative by-path, and our subject is already sufficiently confused by vague speculations treated by the unthinking as though they were reasoned conclusions.

Incidentally it may be observed that the Dean Bridgman Conner case illustrates the remark of Mrs. Sidgwick in the last issue of the Proceedings of the S.P.R. when, alluding to Mrs. Piper, she refers to the weakness of depending for evidence of communication from the dead on one medium alone. That was a matter to which she called attention in 1899. (The Conner case occurred four years before.) Since then, as Mrs. Sidgwick has pointed out, evidence tending to support the spirit hypothesis has been obtained through other mediums than Mrs. Piper.

When he is minded to write another book Mr. Philpott

might consult these evidences as well as the vast mass of those furnished by the scientific investigators of Spiritualism. We say "scientific" advisedly, for those to whom Spiritualism appeals chiefly in its religious and mystical aspects should remember that the subject is now receiving continually increasing attention from those who, like Dr. Hyslop, approach it entirely from the intellectual standpoint and refuse to take any step that is not absolutely warranted by inductive reasoning. The case for human survival is now fully proved. Those who oppose it show (as they have shown in some conspicuous instances) that they have not properly mastered the subject.

RACHEL COMFORTED: THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY "RACHEL."

I feel that faith in these communications which I have described in my previous articles largely depends upon faith in the reliability of myself, and Nellie, who sat with me. For myself, as my whole object was to obtain proof of my child's continued existence, with no idea, till years after, of sharing my experiences with the public (and I do so now only from a sense of duty), no one can suppose that I, the busy mother of children and mistress of a household, would spend four hours a day for several years, pushing a planchette and inventing fables. It would be a laborious and unprofitable way of writing fiction, to start with, and a foolish one. I need hardly, therefore, continue that argument. Regarding Nellie, her single-hearted devotion and desire to know the truth alone enabled her every day so cheerfully to leave her work (ample in itself) to sit with me for three hours (the fourth hour was spent by me copying what we had received) to get these records from my child. She was my only servant at the time. She often gave up an outing to sit with me. I look back and fear that in my intense wish to get into touch with my Sunny I forgot what a strain on Nellie these daily sittings (far too frequent for us all three) must have been. But she never complained. We sat usually afternoons. No matter what she was doing, she was ready to drop it. I often experience sorrow (now that I am less selfish and more considerate of others) at recollections of the half-stifled sigh that my dear Nellie would try to hide from me, when, with plenty of work still to be done, she would wash her hands, put on a clean apron, and come to our daily sitting. I made life as easy for her, in return, as I could, and luckily have never been an exacting mistress. We both lived largely upon uncooked food of the very simplest description. But with all that, housewives, at least, will not need to be assured that it was not to the benefit or interest of dear Nellie to encourage these communications, except from the same point of view as my own—a keen desire to investigate this truly wonderful subject, and to learn the truth, and only the truth. So, will my readers please dismiss all thought of Nellie or me sitting for years pushing a planchette for fun or profit; and I would advise those who still doubt to try the amusement themselves, and see how long they care to keep it up—as an amusement, speculation or fraud.

Here are verbatim parts of conversations concerning a Mr. Fraser on Sunny's side, whose existence, and "death," and other matters we later verified through the Registrar.

I am now copying from "Rachel Comforted."

July 26th, 1902.—MOTHER: "Sunny, I am better, but still in pain."

SUNNY: "Oh, mother, that horrible screwmatics!"

MOTHER: "You told me, darling, to remind you to tell me of someone in your Land I had never heard of before."

SUNNY: "There is someone here who knows Uncle Eddie. His name is Mr. Fraser, but Uncle Eddie calls him *Willie*. That is his name. He died (no, mother, scratch that out, I don't like to say 'died'), I mean he passed over the same year as the Duke of Clarence."

MOTHER: "And his age, profession, and place of passing over?"

SUNNY: "Wait a minute." (A pause.) "He says he was twenty-seven, and he was living at Brightsea [not the real name]. He knows the house, but not the number, but it was close to the sea. He is very sad when I ask him. You see, mother, he told Uncle Eddie that he was just going to be married when he passed over, and he is always speaking of her. (*Name mentioned. Christian name only.*) He says it was through taking cold he passed over here. He came over very quick."

MOTHER: "What was the illness?"

SUNNY: "Influenza."

MOTHER: "What was his profession?"

SUNNY: "He was Clerk of the Dockyard."

Now, I had passed quickly through Brightsea several times when proceeding from or to troopships (my father and husband are both army officers), but of a Mr. Fraser or of the names of streets in Brightsea, or any of these things, I knew nothing. Nellie had never been there. I therefore wrote to some friends who had gone only a few days previously to live in Brightsea, and asked a daughter of the family if she would examine the Register for me and let me know the result. I did not tell her my reason. Had I done so the whole family would have decided that I had gone out of my mind through the loss of my child. (The usual deduction when any bereaved person suddenly discovers proofs of a future life: "Poor thing; the grief has gone to her head.")

A few days passed and my friend Stella wrote to this effect: "Are you sure Mr. Fraser is dead? I was just going to the Registrar when a man friend called, and I asked him if he had known Mr. Fraser. He says a Mr. Fraser is in Brightsea now and he believes is Clerk of the Dockyard. Shall I still go to the Registrar?"

This was striking enough, but puzzling. I was beginning to understand things enough to know that, on the Other Side, it is often difficult for them to know whether a person seen there is out of the body temporarily (as in sleep, unconsciousness, or even in a state of deep thought), or whether out of the body altogether as at "death." So I called Nellie hastily to the planchette and informed Sunny of the contents of Stella's letter, adding, "You are thinking your Mr. Fraser is dead, but he is not. He can only be on your side now and then."

But Sunny emphatically persisted that "my Mr. Fraser," as he called him, "is what you call *dead*, mother. He is here for good. Oh do, do, ask Stella to go to the Registrar, and you will see that I am right." I quote this bit from memory. I must here add that I find I did not copy down this particular little bit of the conversations, because it was an extra one, occurring in the morning. We sometimes rushed to the planchette at some hurried or uncanonical hour, as on this occasion, and then I kept no copy. If, on the publication of the complete book—should this ever take place—certain things that I here relate are not included in it, this is the explanation. I am, however, certain and careful of all I tell.

I now wrote to Stella and said that I thought that the Mr. Fraser I referred to must be dead, and the one she had been told of would probably be a relation, so would she please go and see the Registrar. She did so, and sent me the official copy. I hastily opened Stella's letter, and then, *without reading it, or the copy from the Register*, I closed it, and Nellie and I sat down to planchette. (This part of the conversation is duly recorded and it must be noted that neither Nellie nor I had yet read Stella's letter, nor the entry in the Register. I saw it was there, but purposely did not read one word.)

MOTHER: "Sunny, darling, what are Mr. Fraser's other names?"

(I had, in hurriedly opening the letter, seen that there was more than *one* name on the extract from the Register, but had purposely, as a test, refrained from reading them, though, of course, they might have caught my eye, unknown to myself.)

SUNNY: "Uncle Eddie calls him *Willie*, but he says his Sunday name is *William*."

MOTHER: "Yes, but his others?"

SUNNY: "Wait a tick." (A pause.) "Oh, he said it is

something about 'Shooting Apples.' He is just off for a ride with Uncle Eddie and Miss Mitchell."

(We heard much of this Miss Clarissa Mitchell from Sunny later. Apparently she and Uncle Eddie felt tenderly towards each other.)

MOTHER: "Did he laugh?"

SUNNY: "Oh, yes! he said, as I caught hold of his stirrup, 'Hullo, Sunny! got another feather in your cap?' You see, mother, I am always asking them all such a lot of questions. They tell me each one is another feather in my cap. Uncle Eddie says 'bonnet.' Bonnet, indeed! as if I were a girl."

MOTHER: "Perhaps he means a bee in your bonnet? Is it possible that people are as incredulous with you, as with us, over all this?"

SUNNY: "Some of them are. But, then, you see, they don't know."

The conversation stopped, and I now opened the letter again and read out to Nellie the copy of the entry in the Register. It was of the death, in 1892, at the age of twenty-seven, of William Seton Oakshott Fraser, and everything Sunny had told us was verified. I was sorry he had not been able to tell us all Mr. Fraser's three names. "*Something about shooting apples,*" of course, alluded to Oakshott. But it was all wonderful enough to overjoy me and Nellie, who had never known or heard of this personality before. Mr. Fraser, after that, became to us a very real person, and is one of Sunny's greatest adult friends there. He is often alluded to in the conversations. He told Sunny (when I offered to find the lady to whom he had been engaged to be married) to please ask me not to do so because "she had forgotten him." I therefore took no steps to acquaint Mr. Fraser's family of these incidents. The chances were that they would, not knowing me, put it down to fraud, and I did not care to risk it. I hope my doing so now will not vex them. I am hoping, if they ever hear of it, that it may only comfort them. Mr. Fraser's private family affairs (on this side) are not again alluded to by himself or Sunny, but his part in the life "there" is often introduced. (I may add that neither "Fraser" nor "Seton" are the real names, though they begin with the same initials.)

(To be continued.)

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 10TH, 1886.)

Many friends will learn with sincere regret of the death of Dr. Keningale Cook, one time a very ardent Spiritualist, and as the writer of these lines knows, a firm believer to the last. Dr. Cook died, after a long and very painful illness, on the 24th of last month, at his little property, Arnewood Rise, on the borders of the New Forest. . . . He had but just passed his fortieth year, and his last work was to see through the press his two volumes entitled "The Fathers of Jesus," containing the series of essays on ancient religious and philosophical systems, and their bearing on Christianity, on which he had been engaged for ten years or more. . . . He married Mabel, only child of the late Mortimer Collins, and the fine and delicate mediumship of his wife was of the utmost service to him in the early days of his study of Spiritualism, and subsequently when he was at work upon the essays just mentioned. . . . About ten years ago he became proprietor and editor of the old "Dublin University Magazine," changed its title to the "University Magazine," and opened its pages freely to contributions on all occult subjects. Many of the essays to be found in "The Fathers of Jesus" were first published here; Ruskin, Professor Huxley, and Mr. William Rossetti, Professor Blackie, Mr. F. R. Conder, Mr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Julian Hawthorne lent occasional assistance; and Miss Mabel Collins, besides one or two clever novels, wrote some very original short stories wherein Spiritualism, or facts based on it, were prominent motives.

AWAY from the beaten tracks there are still by-paths where the hyacinths grow in the springtime, and it is the same in the walks of the mind.—A. E. WAITE.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

In "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," the book which forms the subject of the leader in the present issue, the author, Mr. Anthony J. Philpott, tells the following curious and hitherto unpublished story of Andrew Jackson Davis. But as that great seer had no belief in reincarnation we are confident that his reported assent to the remark of Professor Lutoslowsky, "You are Swedenborg," is due to some misapprehension. Either Mr. Philpott, although he is an able journalist, has misreported that part of the conversation, or Dr. Davis misunderstood the remark of the Professor:

I had a curious personal experience with Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis three years before he died, which, though irrelevant in a sense, is yet of interest to psychical research as an example of what might be termed "prevision."

Professor Lutoslowsky, of the University of Cracow, was at that time delivering a course of lectures on "Poland" at the Lowell Institute, and he was the guest of Professor William James in Cambridge. In point of fact, Professor Lutoslowsky was one of the most distinguished psychologists of Europe, but was a good deal of a mystic. He was a Pole and a Roman Catholic, and one of the predictions he made in his course of lectures at the time was that inside of ten years there would be a great war among the nations of Europe out of which Poland would emerge once more as an independent nation.

At either the first or second of the lectures I met Professor James, and he invited me to his home to meet Professor Lutoslowsky with the object of writing a newspaper interview to help stimulate a larger public interest in the lectures. Incidentally he told me what a remarkable man Professor Lutoslowsky was as a scholar and a linguist. I called at Professor James's house the next day, and in the course of our talk the three of us somehow drifted into a discussion of psychical research, and I asked Professor Lutoslowsky if he had ever heard of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis. He didn't catch the name at first and he asked me to repeat it. Then he thought for a moment and said:—

"Yes, I have read his books. He was the first man to give literary expression to modern Spiritualism. He was a wonderful man, but he died a good many years ago."

When I assured him that Dr. Davis was alive at the time, both he and Professor James were astonished, for the latter had also read some of the works of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, and thought him dead. Then Professor Lutoslowsky said: "I must see him; I would rather meet him than any man in America."

So I made an appointment with Dr. Davis, and two days later I took Professor Lutoslowsky to the little office in the rear of the drug store on Warren-avenue, and introduced him to the man he would rather meet "than any man in America."

They looked at each other for a moment as they clasped hands and then Professor Lutoslowsky said: "Why, you are Swedenborg!"

"Yes, I am," said Dr. Davis in a most off-hand way, as he turned to place a bottle on one of the shelves. Professor Lutoslowsky was speechless for some moments, and I stood there looking at them both, to see if they were joking. But no, they were both very serious and silent. Then Professor Lutoslowsky said:—

"How long are you going to remain with us?"

"Let me see," said Dr. Davis, as he looked thoughtfully about the little room. "I have chores enough to do that will take me about three years. About three more years and then I'll be ready to go." And he went on arranging his bottles again very calmly.

"Chores? chores?" said Professor Lutoslowsky with a puzzled look on his face, "what do you mean by chores?" It was evidently a new word to him.

Dr. Davis explained that he meant work—work that would take him about three years to finish.

"Oh, now I understand," said Professor Lutoslowsky. "Then you are going to leave us in three years?"

The venerable Dr. Davis—he was then about eighty years of age—nodded his head.

The whole thing made a rather curious impression on me at the moment, and I wondered if Professor Lutoslowsky really believed that Dr. Davis was a reincarnation of Swedenborg, and whether Dr. Davis believed it himself. But they were both very serious and I said nothing. They talked on a variety of subjects for about ten minutes, and finally during a pause I said I wanted to ask them both a question. They both nodded their heads and I said:—

"You are both men who have thought a good deal about life, you have been brought up and developed in widely different ways and almost on opposite ends of the world—I want to know what you both think of the question of immortality."

"It is the surest thing you know," said Professor Lutoslowsky promptly, and Dr. Davis said: "I wish I was as sure of everything in this world as I am of life in the hereafter."

One was a Roman Catholic, one a Spiritualist—both agreed.

Now comes the "prevision." Dr. Davis died three years later, though not on the exact day.

THE BIBLE AND WITCHCRAFT.

With regard to the opinion attributed to Bishop Hutchinson, to which we alluded in last week's Notes by the Way, that certain passages in the Old Testament relating to witchcraft were inserted into the Authorised Version at the instance of James I., Mr. "Angus McArthur" writes us as follows:—

The degraded and pedantic poltroon who murdered Raleigh would have been quite capable of foisting verses into the text of the Scriptures. But he does not seem to have done so, for the verses are in the carefully revised Hebrew text of Kittel, 1909. It is, however, quite another question whether the word *mekahsheph* is properly rendered by "witch." The meaning of this word is extremely obscure, not to say impossible of determination. The late W. Robertson Smith, a scholar of the highest eminence, connected it with an Arabic verb *Kasafa*, "to cut." Its primary significance in Hebrew is "cutting oneself," as a sign of repentance for wickedness. Smith says that even to-day it is a common Arabian custom for a person guilty of wrong to cut himself in the presence of the injured party as a sign of repentance. (Compare I. Kings xviii. 28, where the priests of Baal "cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them": this is not the same word in Hebrew, though there is a plain allusion to the custom.) Other authorities (e.g., Professor T. W. Davies in the "Encyclopaedia Biblica") connect *mekahsheph* with another significance of the same Arabic word, "to obscure" (as of the sun in eclipse) and thence "to be gloomy," and finally "to be a humble suppliant," addressing the Deity in a low mumbling tone. There is nothing sinister in this sense. Indeed, we may possibly discern in it some allusion to a person under control, through whom a supernormal intelligence is speaking. At any rate, the rendering "witch" is quite gratuitous, taking that term in its ordinary sense of a woman who has sold herself to the devil.

If we turn to the Septuagint, believers in literal obedience to the words of Scripture will find themselves up against a "large order." For in the first passage under discussion (Exodus xxii. 18, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"), the rendering of the Septuagint is that *φαρμακούς* (*pharmakous*) are not to survive—Thou shalt not suffer *φαρμακούς* to live. The word *φαρμακούς* is the plural of *φαρμακός*, a vendor of drugs and poisons—in other words, a pharmaceutical chemist. If these harmless and necessary persons are not to live, whence are we to get our prescriptions, our pills, and our ointments? To such absurdities are we conducted by fastening to mediæval superstitions and prejudices in an age when we ought to know better.

CONTRADICTIONS.—Amongst the several causes of contradictions in spirit communications, A. J. Davis refers to the contradiction in the mental condition of a medium—viz., a simultaneous passivity to both spheres of existence, which causes the medium to receive thoughts and influences from both worlds at the same moment, and for the removal of these sources of error he recommends that indispensable substratum of spirit culture and interior experience which is essential to the formation of a correct discriminating judgment as to the precise source from which the medium's impressions emanate.

THE RAIN OF HEAVEN.

A PARABLE.

He sat there, heart and brain throbbing with a sense of profound satisfaction. His spells had been successful: the Great God Pan had bowed to his command. As he sat he knew that he had power over the rain that falls; knew that it would fall here, not fall there, as he himself commanded. The reign of chance was over; he himself was law-giver.

And as he sat he gloated over his own greatness, he gloated over the glorious future he was to initiate for humanity. From henceforth the rain should fall as all mankind wanted it, so that, with its mate, sunshine, it should bring full contentment and prosperity to every existing man, woman and child, rich or poor, clever or stupid, beautiful or ugly.

In his pride he published to the whole world his mighty power, and the world, ever mad for a new thing, believed in his power, and all its eyes were fixed on him in confident hope. The tyranny of chance was overthrown: now the intellect of man ruled, full contentment and prosperity would bless all.

II.

The Great God Pan sat before him, an inscrutable smile on the god's face.

"I await your command," said the Great God Pan.

Then he looked up at the god, and, as he looked up, his expression was of a man sunk in misery, lost to all hope.

"Listen," said he.

And, as he spoke, from all sides came a roar of entreating voices—voices of his neighbours known to him, voices of men and women unknown, coming through far distant space, from far distant human beings. The farmer who had cut his grass prayed for fine weather, his neighbour, whose grass still stood, prayed for rain: here they cried for a deluge, there for long, rainless days: men from the cities, the towns, the villages, the mountains and valleys, the deserts and oases all cried in entreaty to him who held in his hand rain and sunshine. But there was mad confusion, mad contradiction in the threatening demands. Impotent to exercise his mighty power, his expression, as he looked up at the Great God Pan, was of a man sunk in misery, lost to all hope.

"Great God Pan!" he cried, "take away my power! While it is mine there is no hope, no love, no human labour for me: I am an outcast from all humanity. Intellect cannot rule chance. Take away my power!"

But, still with the inscrutable smile on his face, the Great God Pan made answer:—

"Chance is the unknown, ruling both you and me. I can grant power under your spell. Once granted I have no power to revoke power."

Then the man bowed his head in sorrow and shame and went out. He went out in terror of all human-kind, and, remote in the desert, he knelt down and prayed. But not to the Great God Pan.

GERALD TULLY.

THE SOUL: ITS NATURE AND POWERS.

Miss E. Stephenson, of St. Clements, Oxford, writes:—

I am delighted to read the article on "The Soul: Its Nature and Powers" in LIGHT (p. 213). This is real spiritual teaching, and it is a kind of teaching which is more and more needed every day to help people to pierce the cloud of materialism which envelops the human race.

To me it is an unfailing source of strength to reflect that our troubles and pains are food needed by the soul to wean her from materialism and separateness back to the Christ within and unity, and to know that when we endure evils which are apparently undeserved we are but repaying to the universe that which we have taken from it in former lives when the soul grew by grasping instead of giving.

Many more of such articles are needed by the public: such work shows that the bedrock has been reached from which well up the springs of spiritual life.

ONE noble impulse is worth a thousand forethoughts.—
ELIZABETH GIBSON,

IN VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

Though to the outsider quite non-evidential, the diary of dream experiences which appeared in a recent number of "The Progressive Thinker" from the pen of a lady contributor, Bessie M. Gorslene, is fascinating reading by reason of the naturalness and vividness of the narrative. Moreover, these dreams present a difference from the ordinary visions of the night in that they did not come unsought. The record of how they came must not be overlooked, for, even though the writer's recipe should not bring to other sufferers from bereavement a like experience, they may yet find it worth following. The lady begins by recalling the death in March, 1907, of a dearly loved sister and the intense mental suffering that followed.

Two weeks passed, but to me it was a lifetime. Suddenly it occurred to me that my sister knew of my grief, if those beyond the veil were cognisant beings, who loved their friends and were aware of their needs. Mental laws as well as physical laws do not change. Both sacred and secular history contain numerous instances of spirit visitation. . . Angels visited Abraham's tent and communed with him. Why could not my sister return to me and I be aware of her presence? . .

I began to put into practice the mental science that I understood. The psychic knowledge that I possessed—which was slight—I called into use. I thought I would prove for myself if religion and science were not one. To make communication possible it was first necessary to possess a mental picture of cheer and hope. To conquer my grief by heroic effort, and to picture her as she must be if she retained her own individuality was the first requisite for soul intercourse. One intense thought possessed me, and this made it easier to get results.

The first night that I fell asleep holding the mental mirage of her as I should like to see her, proved that the communication had been established and that we were able to receive each other's thoughts.

We stood in the midst of a field as green as emerald. The sun was elongated and threw golden beams over us. It seemed strange to me that I should be dressed like my sister. Our dresses were made in Greek fashion, and were apparently of lace. In my vision we painted beautiful pictures, that since remind me of what Kipling says in "L'Envoi,"

Then each for the joy of the working
And each in a separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he sees it
For the God of things as they are.

Afterwards we wove chaplets of fragrant roses and placed them around each other. On awakening and recalling the sense of exquisite happiness which I had experienced, I felt as one who overcomes and is ready to inherit all.

This dream was followed by others equally comforting and satisfying. On the next night the narrator seemed to be back in the old home of the family and was passing through a doorway when she felt an arm round her, and, looking up, saw that it was Stella (her sister). A few months later, prostrated by illness while studying at the Summer School at Ohio University, she dreamt that Stella came to her bedside, bathed her head, gave her medicine and watched over her all night. Next morning, though still weak, she was better. In this dream her sister appeared in a faded dress exactly resembling one she had worn shortly before her transition, but in other dreams her slender form was more attractively apparelled, sometimes in a robe of soft silk in which no sign of seam or fastening was visible, sometimes in a material of very rich texture, which resembled snow glistening in the sunshine. A pure spiritual look had characterised her in earth-life, but in these visions she seemed a goddess. On two occasions when the sleeper had suffered from special depression she saw, standing with Stella by her bedside, her father, who had passed over many years before, when the two sisters were children. During a whole month she took, in her dreams, a regular camping trip with her sister through the most beautiful scenery. She describes it as "idealised reality." Usually dream journeys are attended by accidents and difficulties, but this was marked by nothing but happiness and pleasurable excitement. That in all these experiences she really saw her sister's spirit the narrator has not the slightest doubt, and she trusts that her excursions into "the realm of reality" may afford a glimpse of hope to those who read them.

SIDELIGHTS.

Our old Californian correspondent and contributor, Mr. A.K. Venning, writes us that he was delighted to read "Rachel Comforted" in LIGHT of May 20th, for it was just such communications from a dear friend, which he used to receive some twenty years ago, that made him a Spiritualist.

Our interviewer, in giving Mrs. Mary Gordon's view with regard to the education of mediums (see page 210) did not make her position quite clear. To the statement that "she thought the pendulum was now too much inclined to swing the other way," she desires to add the explanatory words, "to the exclusion of direct spirit co-operation, which would land us back in the old erroneous rut of the years gone by." Also that the nonsense which she has heard well-educated people talk was "nonsense showing their lack of knowledge of mystical things."

A story is going round concerning a man whose name is well known by reason of his unconventional habits and his original ideas on religion, which brought him into conflict with the Church. During his life he occupied a room in an hotel in a South Coast town. Illness compelled him to leave for a time during which he requested that his room should be kept vacant. However, the room was let to another person, who found it impossible to sleep in it by reason of disturbances which could not be accounted for by any ordinary explanation. Moreover, an inmate of the place asserts that he met the former tenant on the stairs about this time. A few hours later a telegram was received to the effect that the gentleman in question had died as the result of an operation. Names and other particulars have been furnished to us, but unfortunately these cannot be published. But we learn that strict investigation has been made and the story confirmed.

In the "Star" of the 29th ult. appears an interview with Mr. McAllan, the president of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, who gave a representative of the journal some particulars of the cures he had effected by the agency of hypnotism. Amongst these was the cure by suggestion of a small boy addicted to theft. The boy, who had stolen his schoolmaster's watch, had been repeatedly caned for such offences; but after three treatments by suggestion the stealing stopped. "How much better," said Mr. McAllan, "was this treatment than birching or detention in a reformatory. He was a potential criminal whom brutal punishment would not have altered, but he gave way to hypnotic suggestion." Another case was that of a school-boy who could not do his arithmetic lessons. After suggestion for about ten minutes his mental powers developed, and after a few days he was at the head of his class. A youthful musical prodigy, who suffered with such acute nervousness that he was unable to articulate properly, was also cured by Mr. McAllan on hypnotic lines.

The "Occult Review" for July contains an interesting article by Reginald B. Span on "Popular Superstitions," and an account of some remarkable astrological predictions made by the late John Varley, known in the artistic world of his time as "the father of water-colour painting." The editor, in his discursive monthly notes, deals with the perplexing problem of "The Sexes Hereafter," "Bats as Death Omens," and "The Water Diviner at Suvla Bay." He also devotes a paragraph to certain numerical coincidences (described in "Le Gaulois" of May 28th) in connection with the birth dates and duration of the reigns of the Austrian and German Emperors. Unfortunately the computation will apply to anyone, precisely the same results being obtained by putting down the year of birth, year of any important event, the age, and then the length of time from that event to the present time. The result is always 3,832, or just double 1916. Thus let us take at random the years of an imaginary King:

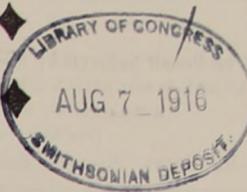
Rupert I., King of Ruritania, born	1847
Ascended the throne	1868
Present age	69
Length of reign	48

3,832

3,832 is therefore the number arrived at by applying this method of numeration to the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria, and is supposed to have some occult reference to the end of the war. This is, of course, pure nonsense.

The secret is in the still pool as much as in the running brook. It is in the deep sea, even as in the pearls of the sea; and it is in the heart of man, even as there is love in the heart.—A. E. WAITE.

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Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

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"WHATEVER BOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	225
The Bible and Witchcraft.....	226
Rachel Conforted: The Story of a Mother and Child.....	226
A Generation Ago.....	227
Organisation and Progress.....	228
Decesare of Mrs. Verrall.....	229
Automatic Writing: A Sub-conscious Phenomenon.....	229
"A Journalist's Prophetic Dream".....	229
National Union Conference at Glasgow.....	230
The Direct Voice and Its Surprises.....	231
Sidelights.....	232

way that permits of its being always accessible on demand. Young Reuter knew the date of the great earthquake at Lisbon, where the first battle of the American Revolution was fought, and the names of Columbus's ships, because he had been *taught* the facts and remembered them. He did not, like psychically gifted persons, reveal the possession of knowledge that was not gained by normal means.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The May issue of the "Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research" contains an article dealing with a case of abnormal memory. The case is one from the collection of Dr. Hodgson, and concerns Florizel Reuter, an infant phenomenon, who at the age of four and a-half years was able to answer correctly questions on an immense variety of subjects—geography, physiology, literature, poetry, history, chronology. A large number of the questions and answers are given as examples, showing that this infant was better instructed in general knowledge than many a university graduate. The boy knew his letters before he could speak, commenced to read at the age of two, and at four and a-half was not only a prodigy of learning but an accomplished musician. In commenting on the case, the writer of the article—Dr. Hyslop—remarks on the lack of evidence for the claims made for subconscious memory. Many students, he says, talk of the subconscious as if its memory were infinite, although in those cases of secondary personality in which the subconscious mind shows remarkable phenomena, the memory seems to have no more capacity than the normal mind. The case of young Reuter, however, Dr. Hyslop thinks, makes for caution in denying large powers of recall and recognition for the subconscious in any case. But, as he points out, all the child's amazing knowledge came in normal fashion. It was acquired by reading and the teaching he received, aided by powers of observation. There was "no superficial indication of a foreign [*i.e.*, abnormal] source."

The "Nautilus," as usual, contains many records of persons who were cured of all kinds of ailments and misfortunes by the influence of New Thought. It has even a remedy for the disabilities of old age, and in this respect it is in agreement with Dr. Quackenbos, the distinguished psychologist, who, approaching the subject from another and more scientific point of view, has recently told us that "there is no reason why men should retire at fifty-seven or fifty-eight and die of rust in the sixties." He claims that a man should be as intellectually active and as physically handsome at eighty as at thirty, and very much more capable. In its June issue the "Nautilus" tells of a cure of epilepsy and of a "nervous fear mania," and of the recovery of valuables stolen from a house by burglars, all by the magic influence of New Thought. What is New Thought? A definition is not easy, but we think that, like Christian Science and similar movements, it is a method (one of many) whereby the powers of the subconscious mind are brought into activity. That is another way of saying that it is a cultivation of the attitude of reliance on spiritual rather than on material agencies, for, as we have learned, it is through the subconscious mind that spiritual power, whether personal or impersonal, comes into action in the physical life. Almost always at the outset there is a conflict of forces and much mixing of influences from the two sides of life—that accounts for the nonsensical and illusory stuff which surrounds so much of our first experiments in automatic writing and other forms of psychic communication. But afterwards the stream runs more clearly, and we get the real products. It is to the influences from the unseen side of existence that we look mostly for the world-regeneration of the future. Reforms in the physical world are chiefly necessary to provide suitable channels for the springs of the newer life.

We have heard much of the power of thought, especially in connection with psychic subjects. We shall doubtless hear more of it in the future as a form of energy in connection with the practical affairs of life. In "Man—God's Masterpiece," the author, Mr. Frank Crowell, writes:

Thought is an actual force of definite potency, a subtle, high rate of vibration in ether (perhaps a higher rate of voltage of the same power as electricity), while a solid is a slow one, and every mind is a creative centre. Tesla publicly announced that he believed the time would come when the power of thought might produce the action of an engine to be operated, say, at Sandy Hook against a fleet in Southampton. Professor Lombroso noted that telepathy tended to show that thought is essentially a vibratory energy.

Dr. Hyslop's conclusion shows that he draws a division between extraordinary powers of the mind expressed along ordinary channels and the faculty of gathering knowledge along supernormal lines. Many cases of amazing memory or extreme precocity in learning are frequently attributed to psychic sources. But it is always well to insist upon evidence where such theories are offered. If a medium describes correctly some scene or incident of which he could demonstrably have gained no knowledge by normal means, the psychic explanation is justifiable. But in cases where a person shows an amazing capacity for retaining impressions received through the senses, the psychic explanation is not essential. The soul in the flesh sometimes shows something of its higher attributes—the capacity to concentrate in a few seconds experiences which in less favourable circumstances would take years to master. The knowledge exhibited is gathered from the external world, only it is acquired in swift flashes and retained in the mind in a

In a materialistic age it is doubtless natural that stones or pieces of iron appealing to the senses in a blunt and unmistakable way should be regarded as very real things and thoughts as very unreal ones. The idea, frequently expressed, that a ship or a locomotive must first exist as a thought before it could make its appearance as a material fact has often provoked amusement in the past amongst persons who would not be so ready to laugh to-day, now that thought has been photographed and Science has had to confess that matter is an exceedingly illusive and elusive thing. And Tesla and Lombroso knew what they were talking about when they expressed the opinions quoted above. Thought may yet drive an engine. But even that will only be a minor form of the activities of a power that moves the world.

THE BIBLE AND WITCHCRAFT.

Mr. Alfred Kitson writes:—

As regards Bishop Hutchinson's statement concerning certain phrases, supporting the vulgar notions of witchcraft, being received into the Bible to please King James I., and the said phrases being retained by the Revisers of 1881, I do not think that their being retained is evidence of their genuineness, as the revision in question was only partial and not thorough. In reference to your clerical correspondent's remark that "there may be some explanation which would verify the Bishop's assertion," I would suggest the Douay Bible. If we examine the passages in question in the Douay Bible, with the translation of which King James and the translators of the Authorised Version had nothing to do, we should have the evidence of a neutral witness concerning the matter in dispute. For the benefit of the general reader I give the passages from the two Bibles in parallel columns.

THE KING JAMES BIBLE.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."—Exodus xxii. 18.

"A man, also a woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them."—Lev. xx. 27.

"There shall not be found among you anyone that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer."—Deut. xviii. 10, 11.

It will be noted that whereas King James' Bible refers to "witch" and "familiar spirits" (two of the vulgar terms complained of by Bishop Hutchinson), the Douay has "wizard" and "pythonical spirit," evidently referring to the prophetic spirit of the priestess in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, whose ancient name was Pytho, and is therefore likely to be in accord with the Hebrew text, and evidences the well-known Jewish priestly jealousy of all contemporary forms of worship; whereas cats, dogs, guinea pigs, rats, mice, &c., were all classed under the name of "familiar spirits" at the time King James' Bible was translated, which indicates a period of gross superstition.

We cannot see that there is any essential difference between the versions which Mr. Kitson sets in contradistinction. Nor does it appear that any words were actually interpolated by James I. But in view of the remarks of Mr. "McArthur" on the general question in *LIGHT* of the 1st and 8th inst. the point is of no particular importance.

WHEN Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—GEORGE ELIOT.

RACHEL COMFORTED: THE STORY OF A MOTHER AND CHILD.

By "RACHEL."

(Continued from page 222.)

Another test may be of interest: Sunny's brothers were at their public school and I had not seen my boys for some weeks. Sunny passed over at Dearbridge (not the real name), where the school is, and his "garden," as he will now have his grave called, is there, in one of the most beautiful churchyards of England,

One morning, here in London, Sunny wrote that his brother Carrick had, *that morning*, during an interval in the studies, gone up to the churchyard, and had cried most bitterly beside the little brother's grave, and had written Sunny a short letter in pencil on a bit of paper, and had "pushed it down into the earth of the grave with a piece of stick." I fear this conversation may not be recorded either. I find that the records of some weeks were lost altogether somehow. But I have no time at present to examine the complete record to make sure. I remember that Sunny told us this in much distress, and begged me to go and see his brothers and to assure Carrick that Sunny was *not* lying in that grave at all.

So next day I went by train to Dearbridge, saw my boys, and told Carrick what Sunny had written us. He looked dumbfounded, could hardly believe it at first, but admitted yes, it was all true. One may realise how a sensitive boy, seeking (as we all do) to hide the grief consuming the heart, was startled beyond words to know that it had all been seen and recorded to me and Nellie in London, at the very hour it occurred, by the little "dead" brother himself. Carrick would never have told me this thing, for fear of "upsetting" me. I remember he gazed at me awe-struck, and said, "Well, I never! Yes, it must be Sunny. I was in the churchyard alone."

Another time Carrick, during the holidays, had been away from me at the seaside for some weeks, when Sunny wrote, very mournfully, that he had "something sad to tell me about Carrick." Alarmed, I asked what it was. I thought some harm had come to my precious boy. Oh no, he was quite safe, wrote Sunny, but he had been "very naughty." Wondering what was coming, I asked for details, reflecting, I remember, that if Carrick knew how closely he was apparently watched, he might not be too well pleased! Few of us would quite like the feeling, especially in careless thoughtless youth! Sunny seemed to be more anxious over the doings of impetuous Carrick than of his other dear brother, whose staid disposition was not so likely to lead him into mischief. So Sunny informed us that Carrick, having run through his pocket-money, had gone, a day or two previously, to a pawnshop (Sunny was much shocked) and had pawned his gold pencil-case for three shillings and sixpence, or some such sum, and his silver match-box for some equally trifling amount. Sunny had "tried to stop him," and to remind him "how upset mother would be," but he "would not listen." I was not very upset. I was too anxious to know if it were true. I wrote off to my boy and asked him, and I remember his reply, making Nellie and me laugh: "Really, this is a bit thick! He seems to know all I do, and tells you. It's very wonderful, of course, mother, and I understand all it means to you. You see, he's not dead at all. Now you ought to be quite happy. But I shall have to mind my P's and Q's. It's a bit awkward for a fellow——," or words to this effect. However, solace followed in the shape of more pocket-money, so Sunny's artless revelations held their consolations, even for the young culprit!

Another evening he wrote that his other brother Yoric (the darling boy I have now lost in the war) was "playing ball with Montague in his dormitory," which also proved to be true at that very hour.

He told us the winner of the Derby weeks before the race. I did not want this information for money-making purposes. Nor, when he told me, did I use it to that end. He has since told me three winners of famous races beforehand. On this occasion a friend, in the usual fashion, declared he "would believe if the Derby winner were given." To convince this

septic I asked Sunny if he could tell us the Derby winner that year? At first he asked how could he tell us such things? He was "only a little boy and never went to races." (Apparently a kind of astral counterpart of the Derby would take place, or else some of them could see it all clearly beforehand, and be there later themselves.) Finally, he said he would ask a once famous racing personage of rank, upon his side, of whom he sometimes wrote, and whom I had known. This person told him to tell me the winner of the Derby would be "Volodyovski." I passed on the information, but Nellie and I decided it was too great a jumble of consonants to mean a real name. Later, we saw it, to our delight, quoted in papers as a favourite, and that year Volodyovski won the Derby, weeks after Sunny had told us.

Readers may like to know Sunny's chief characteristics on this side, that they may, as the articles continue, judge for themselves whether the communications be true to the child from whom they purport to come.

He was intensely loving and tender of heart; he adored his parents and brothers; he loved and pitied all animals; he was very truthful, and had a high sense of honour in all things; his mind and heart were innately pure and refined; and with all his merry, joyous, mischievous sense of fun and humour, his piety was deep. I had been out one evening, and on my return found one of my servants crying in the kitchen. She told me, "It's Master Sunny; he will never live to grow up; he's too good." And then she related that she was seeing "the young gentlemen" to bed, and the two older ones were having a bolster fight with her, when Sunny, kneeling by his little bed in his long white nightgown ("looking a little Samuel," added Alice), looked up and implored, in a hushed voice, "Oh, Alice, keep quiet! I want to be holy." The game stopped, and Alice had been crying since. How my heart-strings tightened! Mothers will realise. He was so generous in sharing what he had with others that on the day of his funeral many poor children insisted on following the coffin, crying, and explained that on Monday mornings, when he got his sixpence a week pocket-money, he would change it into halfpence, and as he ran to school would give it all away to the little ones, who got to know that if they were on the road they would get their halfpenny. I had never known this till then. It was the same with all he possessed. He was often quaint and old-fashioned in his speech—in fits and starts—and this is a marked characteristic of the communications, as are all his other traits. In India, when only five years old, he would climb on my knee and say, "When are we going home again? *I want to end my days in England.*"

Nevertheless, he was a creature of sunshine, joy, and laughter—as a rule—and this characteristic, mixed with his serious piety and tenderness, are mirrored clearly throughout the records, and would go far to convince all who knew him,

One day, being in one of his tender moods, he would, on the planchette, give us, as poetry, hymns and sacred songs, composed as he went along. (He was always fond of writing poetry.) Here is one; but we gathered that this one was not his own composition but often sung by himself and other children there:—

Mother, don't you hear the angels?
They are singing round my head,
They have borne me to the mansions
From my little earthly bed.

In contrast to this, on one October 25th I find him in a joyous mood of impromptu verse:—

Oh dear! oh dear! I wish you were here!
To join in all our fun,
With Miller, and me, and Towzer dear,
From morn till setting sun.
Aunt Eva often says to me,
"Oh, Sunny, when she comes,
Your mother darling, whom we love—

Here came an agonised pause, no rhyme to "comes" being apparently to hand. Planchette half-raised in air, as if pondering. Then down it went with a bang, and he finished rapidly,

Will she eat all the plums?"

Some days there would be long arguments over rhymes to suit his fancy. I do not believe anyone could have stood behind us and doubted that a third personality, and that a child, was controlling the instrument. Occasionally, while the little board raced along, Nellie and I would indulge in brief conversation of our own. Nellie might say, for instance, "I hope my kettle isn't boiling over, or my soup burning," or some such mundane remark, and I would reply, and perhaps ask what sort of soup we were to have for supper that night, &c., when suddenly, most indignantly, the planchette would break off in some poetry or description to write "*Please, mother [or Nellie], don't interrupt me,*" or else, slowly and mournfully, "*Don't you like my potry, shall I stop?*" or, half playfully, "*Oh, bother the soup!*" Profuse apologies from mother and Nellie, however, soon cleared the air, and fearing he had pained me, he would write, "*I want to kiss you. Put down your face.*" And the little board would raise itself on one end and tenderly (so like his sweet repentant ways!) stroke my cheek over and over again. I have a portrait of Sunny (at the age of seven) playing on a flute. Long golden ringlets fall round his fair, earnest, oval face. The large dark eyes are bent upon the flute. His brow is broad, intellectual and pure-looking. It was one of his truly "holy" moments! The expression is rapt! He might well have been taking his part in some, to us unseen, angelic choir.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 17TH, 1886.)

An inseparable part of psychography is not only *direct writing*, but also, if I may say so, *direct seeing*. Answers are given to questions written on slates without the knowledge of the medium; words are read in closed books, and so on. Such things, from the standpoint of Mrs. Sidgwick, are the result of sleight of hand. It is, for her argument, a pity that *sleight of seeing* is not equal to *sleight of hand*. The eye requires a certain amount of time to obtain an impression of external objects. A gentleman who was present at the meeting of the Psychical Research Society on the 5th inst. gave an excellent example of this fact. With the view of proving how much could be done by *sleight of hand* he related how a friend of his, an amateur conjurer, was very much interested in Bosco's performance of one sovereign disappearing and re-appearing in the same hand, which was apparently motionless, and he was desirous that he should teach him the illusion, to which Bosco answered that he (the amateur conjurer) would never be able to do this trick, because the movements necessary for its successful performance were done by him in one-seventh of a second—an amount of time, he said, in which the eye cannot catch the motion, and the hands appear to have been immovable. But this gentleman, adducing this fact against mediumship, failed to perceive that if Mr. Eglinton is able to read a question written upon a slate, or open a book and find and read therein the required page, line, and word, with such promptitude that nobody remarks it, then, according to physiological law, he could not have seen what was there written or printed, because the eye, by such a quickness of movement, cannot catch the necessary impressions.

Before asserting the contrary, Mrs. Sidgwick must prove such a fact is physiologically possible.

—From "Mrs. Sidgwick and Psychography," by the Hon. Alexander Aksakoff.

MEDIUMSHIP NATURAL.—To attack mediumship is to attack Nature. It is to confuse the abuse of a good thing with the thing itself. It is a vain attempt to alter fundamental facts in the human constitution. Men are by the very structure of their mental and spiritual being fitted to receive the influence of other minds, both in the body and out of the body; and from their very constitution fitted to impart some of their mental and spiritual life to others. Both consciously and unconsciously we give to, and receive from, other minds. Sensitiveness to the action of other minds is the essential feature in mediumship, and it is certainly natural and spontaneous.—DR. B. F. AUSTIN.

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ORGANISATION AND PROGRESS.

In the course of a private letter a correspondent, well known in the Spiritualist movement both as an able writer and eloquent speaker, says:—

The fact that there is so little demand for capable exponents seems to show that the movement as a whole does not want them—I will not say it does not *need* them. The formation of a college for the training of speakers would be useless unless such speakers were assured a livelihood after they had passed through their training. From my experience I should say that only a very small percentage of the societies are alive to the need for a suitable presentation of our subject. I should like to see such an Institute as that proposed by Mr. McKenzie brought into existence, but I dread a multiplicity of organisations. We are over-organised already.

On the question of platform clairvoyance our correspondent condemns the presentation of public phenomena "in the shape of the vague, indefinite descriptions of half-matured clairvoyants," and he continues:—

One has only to be in a meeting to notice that where a good speaker is present the tone is good, but when a clairvoyant is present to follow the speaker the tone immediately sinks to a lower level. The first need is for the cessation of public clairvoyance at Sunday meetings. The whole thing has been made too cheap. Only by the elimination from our services of such doubtful stuff as goes by the name of "clairvoyant descriptions" can we hope to attract and retain the thoughtful. "Cast not your pearls before swine." We have made the mistake of doing so. Phenomena have their place, but the public rostrum is not that place. Our meetings should be imbued with a feeling of real worship and not with the atmosphere of a music-hall.

There is a good deal to be said for the position as presented by the writer of the letter from which we have quoted. All the same, we feel that the real growth and strength of the movement lie in its influence in permeating the life and thought of the time through many agencies, some of them apparently in conflict with each other. Moreover, we cannot too strongly insist on the fact that there are great numbers of earnest and intelligent Spiritualists to whom societary activities mean little or nothing. Such things make no appeal to them; they represent another order of life and thought (there is "a sea below the sea," as a famous author expressed it). They are organised by ties more enduring than membership tickets and other external forms of association. They are united by their sympathies and affinities, and many of them are doing valuable mission work without any official obligations. If they feel they have no vocation in the organised presentation of the facts and philosophy of our subject that is their own affair. They belong to the "other sheep" which "are not of this fold."

There are such wide differences of outlook that it is difficult to generalise on the matter. We have met those who are keenly interested in Spiritualism, but who have no special craving to witness any phenomenal evidences. The records and testimony of others are sufficient for them, as confirmatory of their own interior convictions. Others, after having witnessed every phase of phenomena, remain unsatisfied. There is a deeper need than merely intellectual demonstrations. Many persons, on the other hand, find satisfaction in evidences which would not stand the test of intellectual analysis. Again, there are large numbers of earnest souls who wish not merely to propagate the truth but to gain converts.

It may well be that the things which seem to us such urgent and momentous matters may be really unimportant to those who survey the subject with "larger, other eyes than ours." The struggles of that "little convulsive self" in each of us, of which William James spoke, may result in much futile and wasteful expenditure of energy. If each would do the work most natural to him and for which he is best fitted, many of these vexed questions would settle themselves. Every movement that is in harmony with Universal Laws will spread and flourish in a thousand ways, even though to the superficial gaze it will present few external signs of the work which it is doing. Apathy and inertia will not hinder it. It will sweep them to one side and pass on with royal indifference, its progression being by ideas rather than organisation, codes and policies. The course of life to-day, indeed, is away from the old forms. The new world is being built up under the framework of the old, and in the sweeping away of all the systems and organisations about which we are so anxious will come the means of larger expression and a greater diffusion of benefits.

Corporate Spiritualism has done a great work, but it is not the whole work. Thought is free, and ideas express themselves through many channels quite independent of those which our efforts may have provided for them. Spiritualism at the core is something more vital and profound than the most scientific and exact demonstrations of its phenomena, the most scholarly or the most inspiring presentations of its philosophy. Its highest expression is best attained by outgrowing that phase of self-conscious effort which limits and checks the free play of the mighty energies behind it. Forms decay, but the life within them goes on; they last only while they subserve a need. Before that time arrives it is waste of breath to cry out upon them; after it has arrived it is mere futility to try and galvanise them into continued life. That will apply to all forms and shapes which the presentation of Spiritualism may take—platform phenomena, society propaganda, séances or what not. To us it is so vast a subject that it seems natural that its expression should take countless forms not deliberately designed for it, breaking from one matrix only to fill another and larger one. It demands the whole world for its habitation, although it may be content to harbour for a time in a cavern or a cottage. The world meantime is being prepared for it.

NOT TOLERATION.—The Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, in the course of his first sermon in the City Temple (reported in the "Christian Commonwealth"), declared the time for toleration to be past. "Think," he exclaimed, "of tolerating the Methodists, with their gospel of free grace and their pentecostal fire, or Channing, with his deep heart of piety! Think of tolerating Emerson, whose mind was as a city of God set upon a hill! How could one tolerate Mozoomdar or Tagore? No, what we want is not mere toleration, but insight, understanding, appreciation, fellowship, co-operation!"

DECEASE OF MRS. VERRALL.

We take the following from the "Times" of the 4th inst. —

By the death at Cambridge on Sunday, at the age of 58, of Mrs. Verrall, the widow of Professor Verrall, the classical scholar, tutor of Trinity, and the first occupant of the King Edward VII. Chair of English, who died in 1912, Cambridge society loses a lady of much learning and many gifts. A classical scholar herself, she was well qualified to enter into her husband's interests and studies, and after his death she edited his lectures on Dryden, which were practically the sole fruits of his short tenure of the English chair. In another sphere Mrs. Verrall was even more widely known, for she was one of the small band of Cambridge Spiritualists and a medium whose activities, sometimes involving the use of Greek as an instrument of communication, have been put on record. If, as was said at the time, Professor Verrall's death left classical studies at Cambridge dull, that of Mrs. Verrall will leave a like void in her own field of research, and will come as an equal loss to her and her late husband's friends.

We have received the following tributes to the memory of Mrs. Verrall from Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Barrett:

Mrs. Verrall, well known as a classical scholar and lecturer at Newnham College, was intimately known, I expect, to comparatively few people; but it is difficult to exaggerate the admiration felt for her by those who did know her well. The loss of a child, at an age when childhood winds rather peculiarly round a mother's heart, may have helped to soften and humanise her character—it certainly gave her sympathetic insight into the sorrows of others similarly bereaved. Her friendship with Mr. Myers, based on similarity of tastes, though limited in outward manifestation to rapid interchange of ideas—often conveyed by mere references to classical text the full significance of which sometimes required a little thought to disentangle—no doubt prepared the way for the automatic writing which she began to obtain soon after his death, and which soon took on a remarkably evidential tone.

These communications she was able to regard critically, and was accustomed to analyse and dissect out their full meaning in a masterly manner. It was no raw material which she provided for a critic; she combined the functions of producer and interpreter in a way which is unusual if not unique. Few persons of her learning possess such well-marked psychic faculties, and fewer still are so open about them and allow the results to be freely studied and utilised by others. To her, all investigators in this still obscure region of knowledge should be grateful; and the example she has set of open candour, even concerning communication from her late husband, will, it may be hoped, be more largely followed in the future.

OLIVER LODGE.

I join with all who knew the late Mrs. Verrall in profound sorrow at her passing from our midst. Her loss, both to higher education and psychical research, is a very grievous one. The brief and admirable letter which Mrs. Henry Sidgwick sent to the "Times" is a striking testimony of Mrs. Verrall's worth from one whose opinion is of the highest value, and who knew Mrs. Verrall intimately. Happily, I hear that the dread disease which resulted in her death did not cause her great suffering, and unconsciousness supervened towards the end. It may be that, like other active spirits in the growing band of psychical researchers who have passed into the unseen, Mrs. Verrall may be able to continue, as she would desire, her work for psychical research, and perhaps be able to help forward that work even more fruitfully than she did on earth. We are certain that her spirit still lives, and will make its presence known to her friends through some channel of communication, if such an avenue be open to her. For the present we mourn her departure, and extend heartfelt sympathy to her family and intimate friends.

W. F. BARRETT.

The following, which appeared in the "Times" of the 6th inst., is the letter from Mrs. Sidgwick referred to by Sir W. F. Barrett:

SIR.—May I, as a friend of the late Mrs. Verrall, write a few words supplementing what you say in the obituary notice which appeared in your columns to-day and which I think

hardly does justice to her many-sided activities? It is quite true that in connection with the Society for Psychical Research (which is not rightly described as a small band of Cambridge Spiritualists, nor indeed as Spiritualists at all) her work both as an investigator and as herself an automatist is scientifically important and of lasting value. And it is true that this is the work in which she was most interested in recent years. But as a lecturer in classics at Newnham College she has left behind her many generations of grateful pupils, most of whom probably never heard of her interest in psychical research. Her practical ability was also a marked characteristic. She was for many years a valued member of the governing body of Newnham College, and last year, as secretary of the Cambridge University Belgian Hospitality Committee, she carried through a difficult piece of work in a manner warmly appreciated by her fellow-workers and by the Belgian students concerned.

I am, yours faithfully,

ELEANOR MILDRED SIDGWICK.

Newnham College, Cambridge.
July 4th, 1916.

AUTOMATIC WRITING: A SUBCONSCIOUS PHENOMENON.

A case has come under my personal observation during this last week which I think is worthy of notice. The incident arose in connection with some lectures on mental training which I am giving in a suburban district.

A lady who is taking the course is much lacking in memory control and concentration; in order to develop this latter she took a musical text-book upon harmony and proceeded to study a page. Upon trying to write out the subject-matter she found herself unable to recall a word, but while sitting there with the pencil in her hand she was astonished to find her hand commence writing out the page, *verbatim*, and entirely apart from her conscious control. The writing was, as is often the case with automatic script, all joined together and devoid of punctuation marks, but perfectly legible.

She was frightened and perturbed at the occurrence, and referred the matter to myself. Of course, I promptly advised the suppression of any such spontaneous happenings, and advocated strict self-control, the avoidance of all day-dream states, and a strong development of conscious control and will-power.

The case, however, is interesting as showing the perfect memory of the subconscious in action and a marked disassociation of the conscious and subconscious minds occurring spontaneously. This has distinct dangers and might result in the building up of a secondary personality, or a degree of subconscious control leading to insanity. It demonstrates also how essential it is that a wider knowledge of subconscious phenomena should be disseminated, in order that such spontaneous occurrences should be adequately and suitably treated.

H. ERNEST HUNT.

"A JOURNALIST'S PROPHETIC DREAM."

Mr. W. Kensett Styles writes:

I was greatly interested in the story under this title published in LIGHT of the 1st inst., more especially as I had previously heard the story and personally knew Edgar Lee, the narrator, having acted as his general *factotum* for some two years, 1895-96. He was, as you indicate, a distinguished journalist, associated as editor or contributor at one time or another with some well-known papers, and a man of outstanding ability. His experiences in connection with various phases of psychic phenomena were so remarkable that they were allowed to appear in several journals in the 'eighties—the natural prejudices of the conductors of such papers being overcome by the circumstance of the narrator of the stories being a fellow-journalist whose abilities as a man of affairs were well-known. As one who served an apprenticeship to journalism I have before observed this feature of life on the Press. The training is so favourable to the acquisition of critical judgment concerning men and things that the word of an experienced scribe always carries special weight amongst his colleagues.

SHOULD you get where you believe yourself to be a chosen instrument in the hands of Providence, to do some extraordinary work, then look to your health of body and mind, for there is no philosophy in the conviction.—A. J. DAVIS.

NATIONAL UNION CONFERENCE AT GLASGOW.

ADDRESSES BY MISS SCATCHARD AND DR. GAVIN CLARK.

The Spiritualists' National Union held its fourteenth annual general meeting in the Central Hall, Glasgow, on the 1st and 2nd inst., the President, Mr. Ernest W. Oaten, of Sheffield, in the chair.

There were eighty-six members present. The Union met in Glasgow at the invitation of the local association, whose president, Mr. Peter Galloway, welcomed the visitors in a few cordial words, to which Mr. Oaten responded.

The most notable events of the gathering were the two addresses—one by Miss Scatchard, of London, and the other by Dr. G. B. Clark, formerly M.P. for Caithness-shire, known in Parliament as "the Crofters' member," and the first secretary of the Glasgow Association formed more than fifty years ago.

The annual report showed that in January of this year the number of members was : Societies, 142; Unions, eighteen; Ordinary members, 184, and Honorary members, four—a gain of two societies and one union over last year.

MR. ERNEST A. KEELING, in submitting the auditors' report, said that it was not within the province of the auditors to express an opinion as to whether the increases in the accounts were justifiable or not, but they felt it incumbent upon them to say that unless some means were adopted either to increase the income materially or to decrease the expenditure the Union could not remain very long in a solvent condition. The activities of the Union should necessarily increase with its growth, and it therefore appeared to the auditors that the income was no longer sufficient to carry on the work. For this there was only one remedy if the efforts of past years were not to be wasted, and the Union thus either to stagnate or perish, and that remedy was more funds. Whatever the Executive might have failed to do in the past, it must be patent to every business member that they could not have much scope for initiative or opportunity for putting into operation any scheme of propaganda or other work unless the members who elected them were prepared to provide them with the means wherewith to do so. The auditors believed that if it were possible for the movement to raise the sum of one thousand pounds for motor ambulances, it should also be possible to raise at least a similar amount for the purpose of spreading the light of their truths in every city, town, village and hamlet in the British Isles. The hearts of their fellow-countrymen grieved and mourned for a myriad of arisen ones, and it was their work to see that they were delivered from the thraldom of agony in which they were immersed. Were they prepared to fulfil their mission while the opportunity was here, or did they prefer to lament for ever that they had let it pass?

MR. R. A. OWEN, convener of the Organisation Committee, said that about thirty applicants had been supplied with particulars of the Study Groups, and these included lists of books recommended for study. The compilation of books suitable for group study, he said, was receiving serious consideration.

A recommendation that the Exponents Committee immediately engage neutral halls in important centres, advertise thoroughly, secure capable exponents and demonstrators, and then make a strong appeal to raise £500 for propaganda, was approved, and the Propaganda Committee was instructed to act immediately. During the year 278 grants had been given out of the Fund of Benevolence, amounting to £192.

In regard to the transfer of the Britten Memorial Fund, MR. MORSE explained that the trustees had no power to hand over money unaccompanied by property. The trustees, he said, had no property, they had only money. He moved that the Hull resolution be rescinded, and MR. BLAKE seconded. This was agreed to.

MR. MORSE reported that the new hymn-book was out, and that orders would be filled as rapidly as possible.

THE PRESIDENT said that in the meantime nothing could be done in regard to a tune-book, the cost of which would be something like £600.

THE PRESIDENT, after luncheon, delivered an address to the meeting. He remarked that the war had given them, as Spiritualists, opportunities which they never had before and which might not recur for many years. He emphasised the need of establishing a centre for the training of psychics and for the presentation of phenomena under the cleanest, sanest and most scientific methods. He considered it was humiliating that Spiritualists should have to go to the records of the Psychical Research Society for evidence—they should be in a position to tabulate their own evidence.

The question of drafting a form of appeal for conscientious objectors to military service was considered, and ultimately it was agreed to write Mr. Asquith calling upon him to give full force to the law as announced by him.

The election for office for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President: Mr. Ernest W. Oaten (re-elected); Vice-President: Mr. J. J. Morse, Manchester (re-elected); Treasurer: Mr. T. H. Wright, Sowerby Bridge (re-elected); Secretary: Mr. Hanson G. Hey, Halifax (re-elected); Council: Messrs. George Owen, Ernest Keeling, W. Todd, J. Berry, and C. J. Williams; Auditors: Messrs. H. Batten and Jones; Trustees: Messrs. R. Fenton, W. A. Herring, H. T. Batten, and Councillors J. Venables, J.P., and J. T. Ward.

A resolution to formulate a scheme to make use of all the building funds of affiliated societies now lying idle, for the purpose of loans to affiliated societies for building purposes, was adopted.

On Sunday the morning meeting was devoted to the reading of a paper by MISS FELICIA R. SCATCHARD, who took for her subject "Spiritualism, the Basic Fact in Religion, Science and Philosophy." How, Miss Scatchard asked, could Spiritualism be said to be the basic fact of religion, science, and philosophy? They would note that she did not say religions, sciences and philosophies, for one could conceive of a religion based on the duality of mind and matter to the exclusion of any spiritual principle either in Nature or man, and a science so limited that its votaries recognised no form of spiritual or psychical truth. All religions and systems of the past, all traditions and nascent sciences must have been based upon the facts of what Gerald Massey termed the Common Experience. Only in that way could they account for the similarity of the substance-matter at the back of all great religions and philosophies of the world. Two factors had contributed to their development. There were those who had had experience—the mystics, prophets, and seers, mediums and sensitives—and those who studied this experience at second hand, as it were, and formulated it into systems and creeds. With the Reformation, Protestantism threw off much error, many truths, and abandoned nearly all the finer and subtler aspects of spiritual teaching. It clung to the bald text of the Bible and developed the critical faculty at the expense of much vital truth. Orthodoxy knew little of the truths of Spiritualism, but it was nevertheless becoming more and more permeated with its teaching. If she (Miss Scatchard) were preaching a sermon on Spiritualism and had to choose a text, that text would be "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Never in the history of the modern world had there been such an opportunity for the propagation of that faith in the interests of which they were there that day. (Applause.) The moment was unique in the mental and spiritual development of humanity. For many centuries man kind had tried religion without science, and landed itself in the morasses of bigotry and superstition. Then the pendulum swung in the opposite direction. Disgust induced reaction and Science, eliminating all that religion had stood for, threw away the kernel with the husk and left nothing but a bare mechanical universe peopled with automata—beings whose intelligence was the resultant of a chance combination of dead elements, whose emotions of love and sympathy, of awe and reverence, differed in degree but not in kind from chemical affinities—the mere attractions and repulsions of physical matter. It was needless, said Miss Scatchard, to point out to the countrymen of Thomas Carlyle—for they had all read "Sartor Resartus"—that to the scientists of the mid-Victorian era the universe had become

soulless mechanism having no place in it for a spiritual realm. Small wonder that man craved for belief even if it were only in a real live Devil. (Laughter.) Into this world of science devoid of soul, of religion divorced from reason, an old truth reappeared—a truth re-discovered by little children—the possibility of the living receiving communications from the so-called dead. Then religion, science, and philosophy united in bearing witness to the fact that man is a spiritual being here and now, living in a spiritual universe of which the physical universe is but the material vesture or garment. That was the glorious truth for which Spiritualism stood. Spiritualism was positive, constructive, progressive. It provided solid grounds for an optimistic outlook in the worst circumstances, in circumstances so dire that the mind could not have foreshadowed their horror. Who amongst them could have imagined, much less have realised, the catastrophic series of disasters, destruction, and death which daily and hourly threatened to overwhelm the very strongholds of civilisation—yea, of humanity itself? Spiritualism fitted a key to more locked doors than did any other faith or "ism." Why? Because its bases lay deeper, and its conclusions were further reaching than those of any schools of thought. They would observe that she did not say *the* key, but a key, for many keys fitted the one lock. Yet she did insist that there were locks to which no key could be fitted but the one which Spiritualism furnished. Spiritualism was equal to all occasions. John Morley said of Science: "Science, when she has accomplished all her triumphs, will still have to go back when the time comes to assist in building up a new creed by which men can live." The time had come for Science to assist in the building up of a new creed by which men could live; the time had come for Science to assist in the building up of a faith that should make life worth living. Huxley's advice was now being followed: "Sit down before a fact as a little child; be prepared to give up preconceived notions; follow humbly wherever Nature leads, or you shall learn nothing." Spiritualism alone could pierce the obscuring crust of Materialism, fostered as it has been by the desire of material domination and power. Some looked upon Spiritualism as a failure because it did not possess fine churches, large congregations, and wealthy adherents. They grieved that it had no Halls of Learning. That was a short-sighted lament. All of truth in Science, of faith in Religion, of wisdom and consolation in Philosophy, would vanish into thin air but for the substantial and eternal foundations provided by a true and progressive Spiritualism, rooted as were those foundations in the very ground and nature of Being. (Applause.)

On the report of the Committee for the Revision of the Articles of Association a lengthy discussion took place. In the result it was remitted back to the Committee.

It was decided, on the motion of Mr. KEELING, seconded by Mr. BLAKE, that the Executive Committee be instructed to open a fund for the purpose of securing the amendment of the Witchcraft and Vagrant Acts and the adequate protection of recognised mediums, with the creation of all necessary machinery.

In the evening the large hall was crowded, and an overflow meeting had to be held. Mr. Oaten presided, and was supported by many well-known workers, including Mr. Peter Galloway and Mr. McIntyre, president and vice-president of the Glasgow Association. An excellent musical programme was provided under the direction of Mr. H. Kitson. Addresses were delivered by the President, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. E. A. Keeling (Liverpool), Dr. Clark, Miss Scatcherd, Mrs. M. A. Stair (Keighley) and Mr. P. Galloway.

DR. CLARK, in the course of his remarks, said that, unlike the great religions, Spiritualism was not a faith but a science—the science of the soul—and like every other science it was based upon knowledge. He (Dr. Clark) was a Spiritualist, in the same sense that he was a geologist and botanist. The old faiths were dying—he had watched them dying for a number of years. The tendency of Spiritualism was the improvement of character—it told men that there was no death, and when one knew and realised that, the character was developed on the

right lines. Spiritualism would give them a better humanity and a higher civilisation.

MR. PETER GALLOWAY told the story of Dr. Clark's connection with the local association, of his graduation from the Glasgow and Edinburgh universities, and of his successful efforts in ameliorating the lot of the Highland and Hebridean crofters. Dr. Clark was Consul-General for the South African Republic, and was also mainly instrumental in the passing of the Crofters' Act of 1886, which put an end for all time to evictions in the old, harsh fashion. This was the first occasion for many years on which Dr. Clark had addressed a Spiritualist audience. He is well over seventy years of age, but looks hale.

THE DIRECT VOICE AND ITS SURPRISES.

W. A. W. sends us the following notes embodying a curious experience in connection with the Direct Voice:—

Brought up in the orthodox evangelical faith, I had been, as I believe many at the present time are, influenced by the loss in this war of a life dear to me, to investigate the *bona fides* of psychic teaching, which, in times past, I had only thought of as a discredited combination of credulity, crankiness and chicanery called "Spiritualism."

Approaching the subject in this spirit of distrust and suspicion, with hardly even a "trembling hope," it was, perhaps, little wonder that for some time I found no evidence that could in the slightest degree be considered convincing, regarding the continuance of the personality after so-called death. Then, like the sudden ray of a searchlight in the black distance, came a statement by Mr. Vango, the medium, on a subject which closely concerned my family, and of which he could have had no ordinary means of information. This was quickly followed by other remarkable clairvoyant testimonies, until I felt as I fancy Nathaniel must have felt, when the Master said, "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee," or the Samaritan woman when she exclaimed, "He told me all things that ever I did."

Belief that after all there "must be something in it" began to take the place of suspicion and mistrust, but still I lacked the element of clear assurance. Once or twice I suspected clairvoyants, with whom I had interviews, of trying to put in what they thought I wanted to know.

I joined the London Spiritualist Alliance and Julia's Bureau, and devoted every spare moment to reading all the works on the subject which the time at my disposal permitted—among others two books by Admiral Moore, "Glimpses of the Next State" and "The Voices." In perusing these, I was greatly impressed by the character of an Indian spirit named "Greyfeather," and reading some extracts concerning him aloud to my wife, I remarked what a lovable character he was, and how I should like to be able to go to America and attend a séance with some of the great American mediums, so as to be able to speak with "Greyfeather." This was in October or November, 1915, and the sequel, which occurred in the following April, 1916, is one of my most convincing experiences. I had heard, in the meantime, of Mrs. Roberts Johnson, of Hartlepool, and, procuring her address, I made strong efforts, apparently against great difficulties, to obtain a sitting at one of her séances. At length, without any fixed appointment, which I seemed unable to obtain, I found where this lady was, one Sunday evening, and obtained permission to be present at a sitting that evening. I mention these details to show that I was not expected and prepared for, and yet to me the trumpet came first, and my Christian name was distinctly called.

I asked who was speaking, and received the reply, in the same voice, "William W—." I said without thinking, "Oh, my brother William!" "No," came the loud, clear voice of David Duguid, "this isn't yere brither, it's an auld mon, mair like yere grandfather." "Well," I admitted, "my grandfather W— was called William." "Aye, an there's four William W—'s near akin to ye, three on this side and one on yours." I was rather inclined to dispute this as incorrect, but I found afterwards that it was quite accurate. I have on the other side a grandfather, an uncle and a brother, and on this side a cousin (now a prisoner in Berlin) all of the same name.

There was much more that was interesting at that sitting, and at two others that I was favoured to have with Mrs. Johnson, but space forbids reference to all. I must content myself with a brief mention of a sitting at my own house, no one being present except the medium, my wife, my son, and myself. After a few moments Mr. Duguid spoke, and said the conditions were satisfactory. Mrs. Johnson said Mr. W. T. Stead

was present, which Mr. Duguid confirmed; but Mr. Stead did not speak, he greeted us instead with a stroke of the trumpet. Mr. Duguid announced to my wife that her father was present, and in answer to an inquiry gave correctly and clearly the christian and surname of my wife's father, uncle and grandmother, all of whom, he said, were present. The correct rendering of their names and surnames was remarkable. How did he know? Certainly Mrs. Johnson had no means of knowing. The most wonderful event of the sitting, however, was towards the end. Mrs. Johnson exclaimed, "Oh, I see a very powerful Indian present. Do you know an Indian, Mr. W——?" I was on the point of replying in the negative when the trumpet touched me, and a clear voice said, "Me come; me here, 'Greyfeather.'" If I had been alone I should have thought I was dreaming, or that it was imagination, but the voice was clearly heard by all in the room, and it repeated its greeting, as I seemed so taken by surprise. "Who is 'Greyfeather,' Mr. W——?" inquired Mrs. Johnson. "Did you know him?"

In reply I explained how I came to be interested in the Indian, and fortunately my wife and my son remembered well the remark I had made when reading Admiral Moore's book five months before. Now I am puzzled. How did "Greyfeather" know I had expressed a wish to speak with him? How did he know that moment and that place when the wish could be gratified? Why did he come to gratify it? If he could and did know and do these things, why could not, and did not, my boy, my father, my brother, sister or mother speak with me? I thanked "Greyfeather," and I thank Admiral Moore for introducing him to me. He said nothing more, he did not come to converse, or give me information; perhaps his only object was to strengthen my faith. I still hope to be allowed the privilege somewhere, somehow, of conversing even in this life with this good and enlightened spirit, but I am convinced that whether my boy, or any other relatives whose outward presence I have lost, can communicate with me here or not, he and they still live, and will greet me on the other side, and that "Greyfeather" will be with them.

W. A. W.

SIDELIGHTS.

The "Two Worlds," which shows marked progress in literary quality and the general interest of its contents, has at last had to conform to the pressure of the times by reducing the number of its pages. LIGHT had to adopt this measure of economy long before, the increase in the cost of its production being greatly in advance of that of our contemporary—the Midlands and the North Country have apparently suffered far less in this direction than the Metropolis, which has been a storm centre of economic troubles.

"Vivisection: A Heartless Science" (John Lane, 5s. net) is, as its title suggests, an indictment of the practice of vivisection. The author, the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, expresses his convictions with clearness and force. He defines vivisection as "the infliction of real and serious suffering on a vertebrate living animal, that suffering being inflicted upon it for a scientific purpose and not for its own ultimate individual benefit," and he asserts emphatically that during the nineteen years he has been connected with the anti-vivisection movement he has never met with any sound justification for the practice. The book is carefully indexed and the full text of the author's proposed Cruelty to Animals Bill is given in an appendix.

To call attention nowadays to any book or pamphlet it would seem to be necessary to introduce into the title some allusion to the war. So we find Mr. F. L. Rawson calling his latest book "How to Protect Our Soldiers" (Crystal Press, 91, Regent-street, 1s. net), though so far as special reference to soldiers and their particular needs and perils is concerned, it might equally well be entitled "The Secret of Mutual Protection." That secret, according to Mr. Rawson, lies in prayer, but it must be prayer of the right kind. In his view, supplementary prayer may, without irreverence, be said to be teaching God His business. "The true method of prayer, which Jesus taught and demonstrated, is scientific right thinking, conscious communion with God, with absolute good." Right thinking includes the recognition of three facts: matter is not a solid indestructible thing; heaven is not a future state which we reach by death; the human mind is not a thing by which we think and create thoughts, the only mind is God. Mr. Rawson again assures us that the perfect world (heaven) is a world of four dimensions, of which we see only three, seeing it all wrongly, and that the fourth dimension is infinity, which absorbs the other three.

In the "Two Worlds" of the 7th inst. Mr. J. Arthur Hill, writing of "Spiritualism and Psychical Research," sets out his attitude towards the two subjects, finding some difficulty in accepting the Spiritualistic position entirely, one reason being the tendency of Spiritualists "to accept as the utterances of a discarnate spirit anything that is said by a trance control." There has unfortunately been some tendency in this direction, but it does not apply to experienced and thoughtful Spiritualists, who are keenly critical in these matters. Mr. Hill is inclined to attach to the term Spiritualist a meaning beyond the mere knowledge of survival and communication—a kind of sectarianism. We are, however, personally acquainted with many people whose Spiritualism is a part, and not the whole, of their general philosophy of life, but it is a sufficiently vast subject to absorb the main interests of many whose work lies chiefly within its limits.

Mr. Hill, again, complains (and justly) of the loose and casual methods that characterise many Spiritualistic books. That is a complaint that has been often uttered by thoughtful students of the subject, but the fault is not confined to Spiritualism. We have in mind books on finance, on art, on science—even on brewing!—that having been written by incompetent enthusiasts have made the experts on such subjects fairly howl with indignation and disgust. There is no cure short of a council or synod to examine and either reject or place its *Nihil obstat* on a volume designed for public education. We live in democratic times and must sift the sense from the nonsense ourselves. We quite agree with Mr. Hill's remarks on books purporting to describe "conditions on the other side" without adducing any evidence of the truth of their statements. Some of them, as he observes, contain "sensational statements about horrible vampire-like beings." We recognise the description, and our conclusion is that "subliminal romances" are not confined to Mrs. Piper's mediumship.

For the benefit of some inquirers who are still a little puzzled by the curious results obtained in connection with the "mystic" number 3,832, referred to in "Sidelights" last week (p. 224), we may explain further. If one takes any two years in any century and adds to each the number of years necessary to bring them up to 1916, the result must always be twice 1916, thus:

1899	1899
17	17
1904	1904
12	12
	3,832

That is all there is to it. The real facts of occultism will stand every test: the bogus facts are always killed by critical examination.

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN.

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day! For it is Life, the very Life of Life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence: the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendour of beauty.

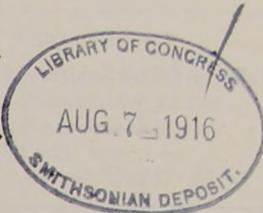
For Yesterday is but a Dream, and To-morrow is only a Vision. But To-day, well lived, makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every To-morrow a vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this Day!

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—From the Sanscrit.

EDMUND GURNEY—A CORRECTION.—The following letter, signed by the Editor of LIGHT, appears in "To-day" of the 15th inst.: "In justice to the memory of a distinguished man will you kindly permit me to correct a statement in your notice of Edward Carpenter's autobiography, 'My Days and Dreams'? You write: 'His descriptions of Anna Kingsford and Edmund Gurney's attitudes in the days of the Hermetic Society are delicious.' By 'Edmund Gurney' you clearly mean Edward Maitland, who was associated with Anna Kingsford in the career of the Hermetic Society. He was admittedly an unbalanced enthusiast, and quite naturally 'foolish and intolerable' to so sane an observer as Carpenter. Gurney was a man of utterly different stamp, correctly described by Myers as analytical and logical and certainly quite incapable of the emotional excesses of Maitland."

Light:



A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

"WHATSOEVER DOETH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT!"—Paul.

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TUESDAY, JULY 25th, at 3 p.m., MRS. CANNOCK.

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These special meetings or circles are given by the medium to meet the demand for psychic evidences chiefly in connection with those who are suffering in mind by reason of the present war. They do not form part of the official programme of the Alliance.

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SUNDAY EVENING NEXT,

MR. H. ERNEST HUNT, Address.

July 30th, Mr. Percy R. Street, Address.

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(Church of Higher Mysticism).

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Trance Address.

Evening, 7 MRS. FAIRCLOUGH SMITH.

Inspirational Address.

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SUNDAY, JULY 23RD.

At 11 a.m. — — —

At 7 p.m. — — —

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26TH, AT 7.30 P.M.,
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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916.

[a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOFENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	233
A Generation Ago.....	234
The Destiny of Serbia.....	234
The Days and Dreams of Edward Carpenter.....	234
Spirit Intercourse: A Practical View.....	235
Christianity and the Supernormal.....	236
The Higher Consciousness.....	237
A Prophecy in Course of Fulfilment.....	237
The New Idealism.....	238
Pseudo Sibyls.....	238
The Hidden Beauty.....	239
The Truth That Shall Make Us Free.....	239
Sidelights.....	240
The Bible and Witchcraft.....	240

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The "Hibbert Journal" for the current quarter has been compelled to curtail the number of its pages owing to the destruction by fire of the works at which it is printed. But by a change in the method of printing the reduction in size has not diminished the amount of reading matter, and when the conditions permit the "Journal" will resume its usual form. The present issue contains some notable articles. Mr. Harold Begbie writes on "The Spiritual Alliance of England and Russia," and tells of a conversation on the subject which he had (on his recent visit to Petrograd) with M. Sazonoff, the Czar's Minister for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Begbie tells how he was urged by the English in Russia to do all in his power to get the Russian view of religion into England, for religion to the Russian is a matter of love, poetry, and imagination, and gives the peasant in particular a remarkable degree of tolerance and gentleness.

It was pointed out to me that our emphasis on conduct has impoverished the religion of Christ, and that we have lost in our eagerness to be good the realisation that our one necessity is to love with all our heart and with all our mind and with all our soul. In our hands are the tables of stone; in the heart of Russia the spirit of Christ.

Mr. Begbie pleads for an alliance between Russia and Great Britain as the world's surest guarantee of peace, "since no alliance can be anything but a political makeshift which is not founded on spiritual sympathy." M. Sazonoff, indeed, insisted that friendship between Russia and Great Britain is a matter of natural affinity.

In an article on "Jewish Mysticism" in the same journal, the Chief Rabbi (Dr. J. H. Hertz) remarks that Jewish life and theology are in many quarters considered as peculiarly arid and technical.

Yet nowhere has there been a stronger revolt against the limitations of sense and time, nowhere a more ardent yearning for that full and rapturous communion with the Infinite and the Eternal which we call mysticism than in Israel.

Dr. Hertz points out that it is a mistake to regard Jewish mysticism as a mere echo of similar movements amongst the nations, for while it has much in common with other races it has also an unique metaphysical school in the Cabala. This, however, is well known to many of our students of mysticism, thanks in part to the labours of Mr. A. E. Waite, who has written much on the inner side of Judaism. Amongst the other contents of the "Hibbert" which connect with our subjects is a review by Mr. J. Arthur Hill of Mrs. Sidgwick's Paper on Mrs. Piper's Trance Phenomena (in the last issue of the "Proceedings" of

the S.P.R.). Mr. Hill suggests that the key to some of the problems in the Piper case "lies in some new conception of the relation of mind and body which we have not yet even glimpsed."

We are almost certainly talking partial nonsense when discussing whether a discarnate spirit is or is not "in" a medium's body. Interaction there is, according to the view of most of us, Mrs. Sidgwick included; but to use spatial terms about something that is not material is manifestly improper.

That remark of Mr. Hill quoted in the previous Note opens up a tremendous field of speculation and inquiry. It cuts at the root of all mechanistic notions of life. One may ask not merely whether the human spirit is in the body in the same sense as the heart is—but whether it exists in space at all. Even when we reduce the question to one of the method of communication between the spirit excarnate (but none the less clothed with a spiritual body) and the spirit in the flesh this question of proximity in the spatial sense comes in. Those who have closely studied the matter are aware that a spirit of an advanced grade may carry on a conversation with those on earth through a medium without in any physical sense being one of the party—he may be thousands of miles distant (as we measure space). We know, too, that all "control" is analogous to the process of mesmeric influence. The medium speaks not in absolute identity with the spirit, but under the spirit's direction, more or less perfectly obeyed. Sometimes the rapport between the two is so close that the admixture of the medium's own personality is relatively small, although it is never quite eliminated. In the case of Mrs. Piper (it is unfortunately far from unique) we get a certain unregulated action of the medium's own mind—a dream condition—which colours and distorts, and may even quite inhibit the expression of the controls. Much of the difficulty, we doubt not, arises from the severely scientific conditions under which her mediumship was studied. Science has not yet learned the power of sympathy as something transcending even the mighty forces of electricity. In a homely, sympathetic, and utterly unscientific atmosphere results are attained which the scientific researcher may find incredible since his methods seldom achieve anything remotely comparable to them.

The poetry of the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers is better known to the lover of literature than to the general reader. It is the product of a soul touched to fine issues, and of a rare and delicate craftsmanship. "Saint Paul," his first poem, however, has gained what may be called popular appreciation. It first appeared in 1867, and between that year and the year of his passing from earth (1901) some sixteen editions and reprints were published. Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. have just issued a new edition, edited with introduction and notes by Mr. E. J. Watson (price 2s. 6d. net), and thereby many of those who know Myers only in connection with his monumental work in psychical research will gain a deeper understanding and

appreciation of a fine and powerful personality." It is a poem that wonderfully transfigures and illuminates for us St. Paul and the inner meaning of his work. It gives fresh insight into the apostle's life, and yet nowhere does it depart from the Scriptural record. In lines faultless yet full of intense feeling, Paul tells his story of how "lone on the land and homeless on the water" he goes on his mission as one who "wears in his eyes the wonder of a dream," and, addressing his Master, exclaims:—

Us with no other gospel thou ensnarest,
Fiend from beneath, or angel from above!
Knowing one thing, the sacredest and fairest,
Knowing there is not anything but Love.

The poem is full of melody and of magical phrases.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 24TH, 1886.)

Professor Lyman, of Yale College, is stated to have said recently, "Spiritualism cannot be ignored. Narrow-minded and prejudiced people may laugh at and pooh-pooh it, but if they will look at the matter fairly and candidly, they will find in it much that is worthy of calm consideration."

The first form of the protest of the Spirit of Humanity against extinction has been the phenomenon—at once startling, grotesque and incredible—which has now for several years sorely perplexed and irritated the world—the portentous phenomenon known as modern Spiritualism. Just when the science of the day had demonstrated to the satisfaction of its professors the non-being of God, the soul, immortality, and moral responsibility; and when the world was on the point of accepting, and to a vast extent had accepted, its conclusions, and was fast subsiding into a blank, hopeless pessimism: in this stupendous juncture there has come from far and wide on all sides, from persons reckoned by millions, a large proportion of whom are of high culture, intelligence, gravity and station, declarations positively affirming the receipt of experiences of such kind and number as to constitute for their recipients absolute demonstration of the reality and accessibility of a world at once spiritual and personal; of the manifestation of life, intelligence and force by entities devoid of material organism, and of the survival of death by the dead.

—From a paper read before the Hermetic Society by
EDWARD MAITLAND.

THE DESTINY OF SERBIA.

The interest of many of our readers in Serbia and the Serbians, which has been heightened by their admiration for the work of our friend, Count Miyatovich, lends appropriateness to the following, which we cull from the "Christian Commonwealth":—

The "Temple of Kossovo," which was meant to be erected on the historic battlefield of Kossovo, is not only an artistic *chef d'œuvre*; it represents the apotheosis of Serbian suffering and Serbian aspirations. It was on the field of Kossovo that the Serbs in 1389 were conquered by the Turks. The last Serbian Tsar was killed in the battle. For the next five hundred years the Serbs were enslaved by the Turks, and Christianity was ousted by Islam. It is not easy for us to realise how completely the disaster of Kossovo has through the succeeding generations obsessed the minds and souls of the Serbian people. In our history we have nothing comparable to it, although the effect of the Battle of Flodden on many generations of Scotsmen may serve as a distant parallel. Kossovo gave rise to a whole series of popular ballads and songs, which were handed down, in many cases by word of mouth only, through each generation. The Serbian temperament and outlook are inseparably bound up with that great catastrophe. It has acquired an almost mystical meaning. It symbolises the death, which is to be followed by the resurrection, of the Serbian race. It is that idea which is embodied and expressed in the "Temple of Kossovo."

THE DAYS AND DREAMS OF EDWARD CARPENTER.

A book by Edward Carpenter is always a literary event, and the present volume of autobiographical notes* will have a grateful interest for thousands by whom his name and work are held in honour and affection. Like many other pioneers of world-progress Edward Carpenter comes of the middle classes. His grandfather was a British admiral, his father a successful barrister, and he himself was brought up in true middle-class fashion, educated in France and Germany and afterwards at Cambridge, becoming tenth wrangler, and a Fellow of his college, and later taking a curacy under Frederick Denison Maurice. But Carpenter was a born prophet, a man whose affinities were with an age to come, and it was perhaps prophetic of that age that his genius showed itself democratic. He wanted to be one of the people, to come into close contact with the primal facts of life, manual labour and the land. He surrendered his orders, took up a career of lecturing in connection with the University Extension movement, went to America—where he met Walt Whitman, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and other notables—and on his return, gave away the bulk of his personal fortune, thereafter becoming a "working man," with a small holding cultivated by his own hands. He conceived this to be the most effective method of protesting against "a state of society which has set up gold and gain in the high place of the human heart and, to make more room for these, has disowned and dishonoured love." Living for the people and living amongst them his message has thus acquired the force of the most thorough sincerity. He wrote "Towards Democracy" not only in sentiment but in actuality.

The book, with its records of experiences, points of view, comments on men and movements, and anecdotes, abounds with interest. We meet in its pages with many of the names best known in psychical circles, and we take Carpenter's opinions on them and their work as of special value by reason of his frankness and supreme detachment. We remember that he never permitted himself to be drawn into or held by any particular philosophy or cult, but selected from each what he needed for his own life and thought, maintaining his individuality and mental balance. He was never a follower of any system—he was always a leader, keeping the thought subservient to the thinker. Hence he never became a crank, a man with one idea around which to revolve moth-and-candle fashion. Hence, then, the general sanity of his comments on men and matters.

In the chapters on "Personalities" we get some delightful personal sketches of well-known men and women, Romer and Fletcher Moulton (the judges), Henry Fawcett, Charles Wentworth Dilke, Augustine Birrell, William Morris, Kropotkin, Mrs. Besant, Havelock Ellis, Olive Schreiner, Henry Salt, Edward Maitland, Anna Kingsford and Mme. Blavatsky.

He tells of the Hermetic Society, which, as he remarks, "consisted practically of two people, Edward Maitland and Anna Kingsford; for though there was a nominal membership, I think it may be said that the other members had little or no voice in it." The work of that Society was to read into Bible stories their inner significance and to interpret them as eternal truth rather than as historical matter. Mr. Carpenter has a word of praise for that work, recognising it as part of the critical and interpretative labour of the modern world, but he regrets the illusion under which it was carried out as a "supernatural mission." His remarks have a wider application than that of the subject he is at the moment surveying:—

To the egotism of the human being there is no end; and if such an one can only persuade others that he has some supernatural source of knowledge and power, or persuade himself (or herself) of the same, there is no limit to the devilry or folly into which he will plunge—as witness the history of priesthood all down the centuries. In the case of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland it was not devilry which was the trouble, but the other thing. Having reached a certain insight or intuition, or whatever you may call it, into the inner meanings of life, they both became so inflated with

* "My Days and Dreams," by EDWARD CARPENTER. (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

heavenly conceit over their discovery that they grew really quite foolish and intolerable.

Of "The Perfect Way" and "Clothed with the Sun" he observes that they have a certain fine quality and atmosphere about them—

They seem to indicate things actually seen in the inner world of being; but they suffer, as such communications must do, from the medium through which they come. Large portions of "The Perfect Way" degenerate into mere drivel, and large portions of "Clothed with the Sun" are offensive (as their authoress herself often personally was) with a kind of spiritual arrogance.

But these are spots on the sun. Anna Kingsford, as we remember her, was a woman of radiant personality and of extraordinary mental gifts. Her work for the protection of the dumb animals was a noble one and the inspiration of the movement now carried on by Miss Lind-af-Hageby.

Mr. Carpenter has some shafts for another prophetess, Mme. Blavatsky. "No words," we read, "can describe the general rot and confusion of Blavatsky's 'Secret Doctrine.'" Mme. Blavatsky is accused of "common juggleries," and Anna Kingsford of "a most deliberate and disagreeable pose." The criticism is drastic but healthy. We are all very human whether as fault-makers or fault-finders. Association with other-world subjects brings no immunity from mortal infirmities, and where there is any tendency to assume superiority to earthly conditions, the faults when they are discovered stand out painfully conspicuous. Spiritualism comes in for its share of good-humoured railery in a comical account of a descent made upon Mr. Carpenter at his home at Millthorpe by forty Spiritualists! The expedition, however, was ruined by a deluge of rain. Most of the party took shelter at a neighbouring farmhouse, and only ten or twelve of the more ardent members called on the great man and told him "all sorts of wonderful stories." At that time Mr. Carpenter had little experience of the subject, but the references to it in his books since then and his appearance on the platform of the London Spiritualist Alliance argue a deeper and more sympathetic relation with it afterwards.

The closing chapter, "How the World Looks at Seventy," is both inspiring and instructive, for here we get a veteran's all-round view in which movements and causes, philosophies and systems, fall into their proper places as portions of a circumference, and not, as to one or the other, the centre of things. Viewing the world war, he writes:—

Beneath all the madness of the present conflict—the raging passions, the insane folly, the frantic delusions, the devilish concentration of all the wit and ingenuity of man towards purposes of death and torture, there is, I firmly believe, a method and a meaning. A new life is preparing to show itself—coming to the surface of society, as it were out of the deeps, showing, indeed, the strangest and most violent agitation of that surface just before its appearance. Having lived so long as I have done among the downright manual workers of our towns and the agricultural rustics—primitives as they are in many ways and belonging to a period "before civilisation"—I do not feel at all alarmed. I know that the lives of these good solid folk, founded as they are upon the primal facts of Nature, will not in any case suffer any great change. If the whole of our banking and financial system collapsed and fell in, if world-wide commerce came to a standstill, if the capital necessary for huge armaments and general ironworks was not forthcoming, if law and government were paralysed, old age insurances ceased to be paid, and landlords were unable to collect their rents—if all this and much more happened, my friend who ploughs the fields near my cottage would go out next morning with his team to his usual work, and scarcely know the difference. *If anything, he would decidedly feel more cheerful and hopeful.* Some other friend who forges and tempers table-knives by the score would continue to forge and temper them. The knives would still be wanted, the power to make them would still be there. And if at any point combined labour were needed, as to build a workshop or carry through a steel-making process, the men who do these things now in forced and servile toil under the capitalist system would do them ten times better and more heartily in free co-operation.

No, if all this jerry-built, cheap-jack commercial civilisation collapsed it would not much matter. The longer I live the

more I am convinced of its essential pettiness and unimportance.

The book ends on a personal note, restrained but significant:—

I feel a curious sense of joy in observing—as at my age one is sometimes compelled to do—the natural and inevitable decadence of some portion of the bodily organism, the failure of sight and hearing, the weakening of muscles, the aberrations of memory—a curious sense of liberation and of obstacles removed. I acknowledge that the experience—the satisfaction and the queer sense of elation—seems utterly unreasonable, and not to be explained by any of the ordinary theories of life; but it is there, and it may, after all, have some meaning. G.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE: A "PRACTICAL" VIEW.

By N. G. S.

For its size (it has less than two hundred and fifty pages), "Spirit Intercourse," by J. Hewat McKenzie,* is singularly complete. A chapter on man and his bodies, and the true meaning of what we call "death," is followed by others on materialisation and the objective and subjective phenomena of mediumship. Then comes advice to beginners on such matters as automatic writing, séances, literature, diet, concentration, and finally two distinctly provocative chapters on the future life, its localities and conditions. The author will have nothing to do with magic and mystery. It is his mission to sweep away the cobwebs and exhibit everywhere the rule of law and order. With this aim I am in complete sympathy, and many of his solutions of familiar problems (*e.g.*, slate-writing) seem to me both valuable and original, though the originality is not to be credited to his inventiveness, but to his long and patient research. For Mr. McKenzie has devoted no less than fifteen years to laborious investigation, and even when most dogmatic is but handing on, one understands, what he has been taught by those "on the other side," or what he has learnt by experiment with mediums, by personal tests of exhibitions on public platforms (some of which recorded here are of great interest) or by visits "in the spirit" to spirit realms.

It will be seen, therefore, that what our author has to say is to be treated with respect, and this notwithstanding some very debatable assertions and a tendency to be often least intelligible when most explanatory, especially when invading the territory of science with inadequate equipment. An example of the former, or perhaps of both, is the statement that the heart does not propel the blood stream, but acts as a check or "governor." One is inclined to doubt that the physical body is moulded upon the astral. Mr. McKenzie writes "as a business man for business men," which may explain his disregard of certain literary conventions, and of certain other conventions which are trampled upon by an outspokenness that is just a little too uncompromising. Nevertheless he contrives to give us some useful hints and suggestions, some of which may be recommended to Dr. Crawford. There must be readers who do not know, for instance, that a planchette should be unpolished and that the paper should be magnetised by rubbing over it the palm of the hand. To sum up, the book is one of mixed merit but decidedly a book to read. With the chapters on the spirit world itself I propose to deal later in a separate article. In the meantime especial attention may be drawn to the author's remarks on materialisation, where seven varieties of this phenomenon are described and their secrets unveiled, while a quotation will show that the writer is not altogether without humour: "If one has a very high spiritual ideal of what a medium should do *without payment*, he should take with him a sack of potatoes; for mediums have to eat and spirit operators do not provide them."

THERE are three stages in existence—the first, when we believe that everything is white; the second, when one is sure that everything is black; the third when one knows that the majority of things are simply gray.—MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT," 110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
LONDON, W.C.
SATURDAY, JULY 22ND, 1916.

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CHRISTIANITY AND THE SUPERNORMAL.

In the May issue of the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research Dr. James H. Hyslop gives us his own reading of the relationship between the Christian religion and modern Spiritualism. Dr. Hyslop's mind is of the severely critical order; he is impatient of the purely idealistic interpretations of life, and wields a pen that gives short shrift to anything from which he cannot extract a logical meaning. It was interesting, therefore, to see what he would make of the subject, especially in comparison with the treatment it has received from other writers who have given their views on the same theme.

He commences by showing that Christianity stands in conspicuous contrast to other religious systems by its appeal to miracle. The Oriental systems were alike in many of their ethical and spiritual teachings, but in the case of Christianity these resemblances were slurred over or disregarded, and the element of miracle emphasised. And in considering this point he mentions what he conceives to be the main error in the Christian system. Some of us regard this as its alliance with the temporal powers, which led to a materialisation of its early principles. That materialisation, however, has affected other religious systems—in their popular expression, at least: the tendency of every stream is to fall below its source. But in the case of Christianity, according to Dr. Hyslop, the "great mistake" was to make the validity of its gospel "rest on the historicity or integrity of a physical event." That attitude came about, of course, in the later developments of Christianity.

The effect of it was to expose its ethical and spiritual teaching to the vicissitudes of belief about historical events instead of its function in the realisation of the ideals of the community. Validity not genesis should have been the point of view regarding its ethical and spiritual principles . . . Ethical and spiritual truth must be based upon personal insight, not on the integrity of a mere physical event, whatever importance this may have. We determine the validity of ethical and spiritual truths by their function in life, by their pragmatic connections and not by appeal to tradition.

Henry VIII.'s jester must have had some inkling of the idea in his mind when he suggested that his master should "let the faith defend itself" instead of assuming the function of its "Defender." But although Dr. Hyslop's view is well reasoned we imagine that in the providence of things the insistence of Christianity on its miraculous side will in the long run have proved of world-use in its application to Psychical Research to-day by supplying it with analogies and illustrations and helping towards the coming unity between Religion and Science. Religions founded on simple

ethics, however valid, might conceivably have lost all touch with evidences of the spiritual world. Indeed, this was to a large extent the case with Judaism, as many passages in the Old Testament serve to show.

In dealing with the psychic side of New Testament history, Dr. Hyslop cites the Transfiguration of Christ and remarks that transfiguration "is a phenomenon with which some of us are perfectly familiar in mediumistic phenomena." With the question of the causes of such phenomena he does not at the moment concern himself. The main point, he remarks, is that they occur and can be compared with the story of the Transfiguration. St. Paul's vision on the way to Damascus he notes as a narrative told at first hand by St. Paul and one of the best authenticated accounts in the New Testament. Here we have "an apparition of the dead, this time mainly an auditory one, a case of clairaudience on the part of St. Paul."

It has all the features of mediumistic phenomena, both experimental and spontaneous. Our records are full of illustrations of such phenomena.

Taking next the story of Christ's conversation with the strange woman at the well, he notes her remark that Jesus must be a "prophet," as indicating just what conception the people had of a prophet—a spiritual medium and teacher.

The phenomenon is a common occurrence with mediums of the genuine type, so common that there is no mistaking the meaning of the New Testament story. Apart from our own verification of such phenomena we could not believe this one, but psychic research has proved their occurrence, and with the proof has thrown light upon what was going on in the work of Christ.

The apparitions at the time of the Resurrection are further illustrations of psychic phenomena with which investigators to-day are familiar, "though we do not give them the physical interpretation which men did for many centuries." That is to say, we regard them as of a psychic or spiritual character.

There is no mistaking the nature of all these events. They implicate the origin of Christianity in psychic phenomena, of the types which we are able to observe or reproduce by experiment to-day, and so take Christianity out of the category of unexplainable facts.

Dr. Hyslop then passes to the "miracles" of healing, and, allowing for the abbreviations, distortions and exaggerations natural in an age when "scientific observation" was lacking, remarks that the existence to-day of similar cases of healing renders the stories in the New Testament perfectly credible, in so far as they can be reproduced at the present time. It is natural enough for the physicist to disbelieve such things without evidence, but the evidence is now available:

Since we have applied "suggestive" therapeutics on so large a scale in modern times, instituted mental healing, used mediums for the same results, and in a thousand ways repeated and corroborated the facts of earlier times, it is no longer impossible to believe what was said about Christ in this respect.

Discussing St. Paul's acquaintance with psychic phenomena, which clearly dated from his conversion to Christianity, Dr. Hyslop refers particularly to the 12th Chapter of I. Corinthians, and notes that "the whole gamut of psychic phenomena is run over" in the verses which relate to spiritual gifts. True, the terms in which they are described would not adequately cover their modern presentation, but we can easily identify them. Of St. Paul's admonitions concerning "speaking with tongues," Dr. Hyslop remarks:

This is all common sense and there are many Spiritualists or sympathisers with Spiritualism to-day who need to learn this elementary lesson. St. Paul is only insisting on intelligibility as the first condition of accepting anything from spirits.

(The italics are ours—we think the emphasis is needed, in these pages, at least.)

As a detached and scientific commentator with no religious bias, the Doctor observes that the argument for psychic phenomena in the New Testament which he presents "does not depend on the truth or accuracy of the incidents narrated in it." He does not care, for the purposes of the present discussion, whether the stories of "miraculous" healing are true or not. The point is that the New Testament records statements which "have no meaning at all unless they imply a knowledge of psychic phenomena."

In the course of his concluding remarks, Dr. Hyslop observes that the religious mind has been too intent in the past on combating science. It failed to see that Science was a friend, by whose aid it could have held the materialistic tendencies of the age in check. Its "bad taste" and "bad politics" had the effect of antagonising the method which promised it the best of vindication. And then we have this important pronouncement with which many Spiritualists will be in absolute agreement.

It [Christianity] was in fact a scientific religion, and in taking up the attitude of opposition to Science it was but pursuing the way to the grave whose course it took as soon as it abandoned the pragmatic character of its Master and refused to apply his gospel of brotherhood on a large scale. To approach it through the truths of psychic research is to discover its fundamental meaning and to give Christ and his work the unique place they deserve. . . . The reconstruction of the Church as organised idealism is necessary but it cannot be done without verifying its claims in the actual experience of the present. It rests with its devotees to see this and to make a rational effort to pursue this policy. Instead of this it seems to be pursuing the course which Carlyle reproached so severely when he accused the aristocracy of not leading the world but simply preserving its game.

THE HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS.

"Current Opinion" (New York), dealing with the subject of abnormal mental states, refers to the "Lancet" as having made an analysis of such "uncanny conditions," and as recognising the existence of a state of mind "in pure sobriety" wherein ideas flow readily, resolutions are quickly reached, speech finds its correct expression, and the physical well-being makes itself unusually obvious—a state of mind which much resembles that temporary exaltation achieved through the moderate use of alcohol. It is in such a state that truths dawn suddenly as well as clearly upon the unclouded intelligence. It is in such a state that mighty actions are conceived, poems born at a stroke, and mankind enlightened through the enlightenment of the individual:—

Because such a state is in rare individuals produced by moderate libations we have the saying "In vino veritas," but this clarity of the mental atmosphere can be and should be obtained without drinking. It often is. This happy result comes about through what is sometimes known as the "brown study." In this state of mind there is such a concentration of mental energy that the body is ignored. The mind, on the other hand, is so working upon the subject which concerns it, is so intent upon its own affairs, that the external world is obliterated and any bodily discomfort that may have been pre-existing is now negligible and unnoticed. In the mental ardour of composition, be it literary, pictorial, musical, the creator is relieved from all bodily woes. Thomas Hood forgets his lungs and Richard Wagner his poverty. Over and over again in the history of men who have created things we find evidence of this glorious pre-eminence of mental activity over all the distractions of poor surroundings or bodily ill-health. While they are in a "brown study" nothing can hurt them. A similar exaltation is that which accompanies the mental concentrations of the Indian Mahatmas. It is well known that these men can for long periods ignore even the usually necessary means of bodily subsistence, and it is claimed that in this spiritual exaltation powers of insight and of divination become possible to them that to the ordinary man may well seem to partake of the miraculous.

A PROPHECY IN COURSE OF FULFILMENT.

THE PROPHECY OF PINSK.

BY "EXPLORER."

The Prophecy of Pinsk, dating from the year 1819—that is, shortly after the final dismemberment of Poland—and foretelling the great war to come, which should usher in the long-hoped-for resurrection of that crucified nation, has more than once been mentioned in this paper. It is deserving of renewed attention at this crisis of the greatest war of all time, when the triumphant advance of the Allies on every front is giving warrant to the hopes of such victimised and tortured peoples as those of Belgium, Servia and Poland, that the day of their deliverance is at hand.

It cannot escape notice that the territory of Pinsk, which is so prominently put forward in the prophecy, has figured on the war map of the Eastern front, with deadly significance to the enemy, ever since, in the autumn of last year, the victorious Germans swept over Poland, and would have penetrated deep into Russia itself had not the obstruction of the famous Pripet marshes, vast in extent and awesome in their mysterious menace, blocked the German advance, holding it up in the centre of its long line, just as a pile driven into the centre of a stream blocks the free-way; and these Pripet marshes are part of and identified with the said territory of Pinsk.

Mr. Lovat Fraser, writing some few weeks ago in the "Daily Mail" on the subject of the wonderful Russian advance, points out that the key to the strength of their position and the main factor of their successful push forward is to be found in that mysterious region which is known as Polesie, or the Pripet marshland. Another authority writes:—

We, in this country, can only faintly conceive the difficulties presented to an enemy by the Pripet marshland. Its extent is vast, equalling the area of Yorkshire, that is some five thousand square miles. The river Pripet in rainy seasons broadens out to a width of ten miles in places. It is only free from ice two hundred and fifty days in the year. For miles there are only morasses crossed by few and dangerous roads. On the north the marshes are bounded by the great forest of Bieloviesk.

An Austrian officer, speaking of the difficulties presented by this country, calls it a fearful region made impossible by weeks of ceaseless rain.

To revert to the prophecy, it will be remembered that the vision was granted to a Dominican priest at Vilna in the year 1819. He was shown from his window not the monastery garden, but what his spirit informant told him was the territory of Pinsk, fully two hundred miles away. He then beheld a vast plain covered to the furthest horizon with innumerable battalions engaged in the most sanguinary conflict. He was told that when the war of which he there witnessed a prefiguration should give way to peace, then should the restoration of Poland be achieved.

The grip of the prophecy is found in two prominent facts. The first is that the seer was made to identify with perfect accuracy the chief combatants; and the second that the exact battlefield of this world-war was clearly indicated. As we have said, the arena of conflict was the "territory of Pinsk," and the armies named were the Russians, the Turks, the French, the English, the Austrians and the Prussians, besides other nations whose identity he could not distinguish.

Making the necessary allowances for the latitude of description required by a prophetic vision of so far-reaching a war, one may ask, could the prophet have forecast the present struggle of the Powers in conflict with more satisfying precision?

To realise the full import of the prediction one must know something of the agonies and hopes of the long-suffering Polish nation. Poland had been for centuries a tortured and dismembered people, but all through the long years of her martyrdom her children had been taught to look forward to her resurrection, and that this would bring with it the rebirth of Christendom. This radiant hope is best set forth in the words of Poland's greatest poet, Adam Mickiewicz,^{*} who, in his "Book

* Adam Mickiewicz died in 1855.

of the Polish Nation," thus utters the imperishable faith of his countrymen :—

"The soul will return to the body and the nation will rise from the dead and will free all the nations of Europe from slavery. Two days have already passed. The first day passed with the first taking of Warsaw (in 1794, after the second partition of Poland); the second day passed with the second taking of Warsaw (in 1831); and the third day will arrive, and it will not pass away, and as with the resurrection of Christ sacrifices of blood ceased over the whole earth, with the resurrection of the Polish nation wars will cease in Christendom."

Warsaw has been taken for the third time. Surely the third day, the day of Resurrection, is at hand.

One word more. The spirit spokesman in the vision was the martyr, Andrew Bobola, one of Poland's patron-saints, who himself had been cruelly done to death and dismembered for the faith of Christ, at this same Pinsk.

THE NEW IDEALISM.

Mr. W. J. Colville, writing in "The Progressive Thinker," agrees with the view which ascribes the popularity of war to the idealistic sentiment in human nature. We surround the soldier's avocation with a halo of chivalric romance and fail to associate the heroic qualities we admire with other occupations and undertakings. He claims that what is particularly needed to-day is "genuine New Age Idealism, amounting to no less than the complete transference of the thought of exceptional nobility of character and action from the abnormal to the purely normal." In the following passage Professor James A. Scherer, of Throop College of Technology, has, in Mr. Colville's opinion, been able, through his acquaintance with Switzerland, to put his finger on a truly vital point in education :—

Take a leaf from the wise little book of economical Switzerland. Under the civil control of the Government, why should we not organise upon the slopes of our mountains, in the wastes of our deserts, and along the flood-threatened valleys, great camps of a constructive army of peace, trained to the conservation of resources, inured to wholesome hardship, and drilled also sufficiently in military tactics so that they would find a noble moral substitute for war in saving life and husbanding the bounty of Nature, thus serving the State as "soldiers of the common good," yet ready also for defence whenever defence may be required? Not a dollar of their pay would be wasted, but every cent permanently invested. The hardihood of our fibre would be toned up, the loss of billions averted, the pressure of unemployment alleviated, and a peaceful army of a million men gradually built up, inspired not with military ambition but with the joy of creative achievement in the service of the State. . . .

Commenting on this suggestion Mr. Colville says :—

Here we seem to have at least approached an ideal not too far removed from the common to seem impossible or utopian, and yet sufficiently exalted to appeal forcibly to lovers of peace and good fellowship who cannot yet see their way to advocating total abolition of military preparedness. If the members of an industrial army are strong, hardy, and constantly engaged in useful service, they are surely in a better condition to render protective service to their country should necessity arise than if we burdened ourselves with constituting those same young men an expensive military class, practically idle except in war-times and necessarily a severe drain upon the financial resources of all workers.

The suggestion seems an excellent one for a comparatively new country, whose resources still offer a vast field for exploration and industry, but will it apply equally well to an old country like Britain?

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.—The world's greatest inventions have been suggested and perfected by little common objects that most people thought insignificant. Franklin caught the electric current with a key and a string; Watts saw the power of steam in the moving of a tea-kettle lid; Edison caught the idea of the phonograph when a tiny point of steel pricked his finger. All the problems of mathematics can be solved with nine figures; all the books in our library—the ponderous encyclopedias, the great histories, the fiction—all these were written with only twenty-six letters. The music of the world through the ages—the great oratorios, the stirring marches, the sweet hymns—all these were produced with only eight notes. So a great life is built up out of small opportunities and duties.

PSEUDO SIBYLS.

OUR MODERN CIRCLES AND CALYPSOS.

We reproduce the following amusing article which we found in an issue of LIGHT of some thirty years ago, because it still has a certain application to *soi-disant* prophetesses and Sibyls. "M.A. (Oxon.)" the then editor of LIGHT, was evidently quite aware of the amount of posing and attitudinising which went on in "occult" circles in his day, and to which Edward Carpenter alludes in his latest book.

One of the many perplexities of Modern Spiritualism is its tendency, in certain stages, to develop Pseudo Sibyls. Given a certain amount—usually limited—of mediumistic experience; an absence of all study of, or respect for, the experience of others; a defective imagination, and an infinite faculty for generating phantasy in lieu of it, coupled with an adequate amount of vanity and exaggerated self-esteem, and the Pseudo Sibyl steps forth, armed at all points, for the confusion of society. It is not needful that she should be consciously an imposter. It may be admitted that occasionally, like the Pseudo Sibyl encountered on the blasted heath by the Thane of Glamis, she gives us "earnest" commencing "with a truth"; but this is not often, and when she has this modicum of what is useful to impart to us, it is so smothered in superincumbent egotism and self-delusion as to be scarcely identifiable from what it really is. Nevertheless, the consciousness of this possibility inspires the more experienced Spiritualist with a certain tenderness in dealing with the Pseudo Sibyl; and this feeling of forbearance is encouraged by the conviction that explanation or argument would be addressed to her in vain. She is, therefore, usually left to work out for herself her own phantasies, a lengthy process, and sooner or later painful, but probably the only possible method of illuminating a nature which, even when admittedly honest, is so absolutely irrational, so insanely self-absorbed.

But, unfortunately, there is another class of zealot entitled to be considered in this relation, viz., those upon whom from indiscriminating enthusiasm on their part, from ignorance of spiritual laws, or a mere wondering love of novelty, the Pseudo Sibyl imposes, usually, it may be hoped, innocently, being herself imposed upon, and sometimes, it may be feared, the reverse. It is for the protection of such persons that we are now led to speak.

The Pseudo Sibyl, full blown—for she passes through various stages before arriving at the butterfly—is usually not young. If of a comely and dignified presence, so much the better for her self-imposed mission. She dresses well, when her fortunes admit of it, and affects, but not too austere, a quasi-sibylline style of costume. "How do you get on with her?" inquired once the friend of a young invalid under the tendance of one of this sisterhood. "Not very well in the nursing way," was the answer, "but I find the costume very supporting."

The Pseudo Sibyl possesses usually a small independence, but she condescends freely to accept the gifts of the faithful "for her charities." These investments will be repaid with interest in Heaven! Like Miss Flite, in Dickens' romance, she will confer estates at the Day of Judgment! Also dignities! The latter she sometimes confers on herself, even here. She is invariably mysterious; partly because mystery inspires veneration in foolish people, and partly because she has not really anything to reveal. She drapes herself, therefore, in phrases and phylacteries, surrounded ever with a halo of phantasy. She is not unalive to the practical wisdom of the philosopher who advises us not to prophesy unless we know. Nevertheless, when she has recourse to her spirits, whom she always describes with the definite article and in the singular number, they sometimes lead her into difficulties. These she surmounts entirely to her own satisfaction by disregarding them. Though accustomed to have recourse to the spirits on emergencies, she is careful always to disavow being a Spiritualist, and, in any real sense of the word, her disavowal must be accepted as true. In order to maintain in the eyes of the exoteric world the aspect of reserve and seclusion proper to the dignity of her claims, she frequently entertains a *dame de compagnie*, lay-sister, or lady-in-waiting, who interposes between her and the vulgar, and adumbrates her to the outer world. This office is usually held by a disciple, who may possess property, and certainly possesses faith, as she understands it, not unaccompanied, perhaps, at seasons by misgivings, which she dismisses as sinful.

The Pseudo Sibyl is much given to symbols and similitudes, "finding sermons"—always about herself—"in stones," and self-adulation "in everything." She is partial to "good society" in this outer sphere, when she can attain thereto, feeling it to be a natural outcome and symbolical representation of her own rank in the Courts of Heaven; and in "those

whom Providence hath blessed with affluence" she takes ever a tender interest, inspired, we will hope, by compassion for and desire to alleviate the special worldly trials and temptations to which it exposes them. Where the activities of the useful and benevolent work of the age are most alive we may scarcely hope to find the Pseudo Sibyl; she belongs, she would say, to the centre and not to the circumference, and her "mission" she would claim to be to inspire and shed a Divine lustre on work rather than to do it. Indeed, "not to do it" is very generally the essential aim of her ministrations, because there lies at the root of them—in so far as they can, by a form of speech, be said to have any root—no spirit of useful work whatever. She, however, clothes herself in a superficial form or simulacrum of good works; and it is agreeable to her and in some sort needful to her "mission," to play "Lady Bountiful," in the comedy of her life. She does it very fairly well to indiscriminating observers, being frequently endowed with considerable histrionic powers. These are favoured by her often being enabled to possess herself with the persuasion that she is really the personage she enacts. As, for example, the lady who claims to have been born without a father, and to be, in fact, no other than the Woman in the Sun in the vision of the Apocalyptic seer; and another lady whom we must class with the same sisterhood, whom it was found impossible by any arguments or explanations to convince that the Franco-German War of 1870 had not been stayed solely by her prayers; or another, who passed into the other life in the full conviction, which nothing could disturb, that she was never to die. These aberrations are very pitiful, but it is needful that they be firmly and even sternly repressed as a class. The Pseudo Sibyl is to be individually treated with tenderness and compassion. The ways of self-delusion are so varied, and the weaknesses of human nature so manifold, that it is needless, and would be often unjust, to attribute her extravagances to conscious imposture and the deliberate desire to deceive. But, as we have said, she requires to be steadfastly and earnestly withheld, lest she delude others as well as herself; and this, and not the smallest desire to give personal pain, is the serious object of these remarks upon her and her doings.

THE HIDDEN BEAUTY.

Whatever we see or do not see, we cannot help seeing the visible world that is before our eyes, from the star above to the flower at our feet. And yet we may say that it was not till 1796 or thereabouts that men so much as approximated to the significance of the great sacrament of the world. It is true that there had been hints written in Hebrew and Greek and Latin, but they were but hints; it was left to the eye of Coleridge and Wordsworth to discern that in the spectacle of external Nature there is something much more than mere pleasantness or sensuous beauty—Horace found both these elements in his "Fons Bandusiae, Splendidior Vitro"—that, in fact, there is a revelation of things hidden in things which are open and apart to all. It is clear, then, that in a sense Coleridge and his fellows discovered the significance of the visible world; there was given to them a revelation of that which had been hidden from the beginning.

So it will seem pretty clear, I think, considering all the instances . . . in physical science, in mental science, in architecture, in literature, in the contemplation of trees and clouds and streams and flowers, that things that are most clear may yet be most closely hidden, and hidden for long ages, and hidden not only from the gross and sensual man, but from the fine and cultured man. And that being evident, does not the consequence follow that we, who have certainly not attained to perfection of any kind, may be, nay, almost certainly are, as blind as those who have gone before us; that we, too, gaze at great wonders both of the body and the spirit without discerning the marvels that are all around us?

—ARTHUR MACHEN in "The Quest."

THE TRUTH THAT SHALL MAKE US FREE.

A SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

BY C. TARR.

I wish to put into plain words what I conceive to be the most vital needs of our age, and to show how vast is the field of work open to all those spiritual teachers in the ranks of our movement who have grasped the essential principles of science, philosophy and religion which underlie the widely-known mediumistic phenomena. The great evils which we shall have to face have cast their enormous shadows over human life all through the ages, and they cannot be said, I think, to be extraordinarily aggravated since the god of war shattered the idols of peace in the black August of 1914. War raged everywhere in human society before the mighty empires of the world ranged themselves against each other and marshalled tremendous racial and national forces in men and machines of war. Each one of us, nevertheless, despite our knowledge of the real state of civilisation previous to the outbreak of war in terms of armed forces, had the fundamental problems of life and religion brought before the mind with a definiteness hitherto unattained. It seemed as though this mighty upheaval of social forces was the outcome of the operation of a spiritual power which was deliberately working to awaken the spiritual consciousness of every individual. Personally, those intellectual and spiritual struggles which one passed through in the early stages of the war have long been crushed under the wheels of fate. The soul fled hither and thither, but there was no escape, and slowly a spirit of stoical fatalism brought strength and peace. Thus I found myself part of Britain's vast army, ready for any work that I might be commanded to perform, conscious that I had given my soul in divine resignation to eternal truth and righteousness. It is as a result of my short experience among my comrades that I send forth a cry for "Light, more light." It is not enough to teach the immortality of the soul, it is not enough to teach the great principles of truth which the facts of human survival have revealed to the world, but there must be a more fearless battling with those evils of human life which all know exist as national and social dangers and which most fear to fight but keep in dark secrecy. Men have lost the true conception of religion. Thousands of my comrades cannot see that true religion is that alone which has a relationship to daily life. They speak of themselves as "C. of E.'s" (Church of England men) or "R. C.'s" (Roman Catholics) with much the same understanding as when they tell someone the name of their unit or regiment. Religion to them is not a vital impulse in daily life, not a source of continuous inspiration and revelation, not a source of comfort and illuminating faith, but something which means a church parade, best clothes and equipment and an hour's confinement. And because religion has ceased to exert a vital influence over the souls and minds of men, the nations are corrupted with secret scourges which endanger the very foundations of human society and threaten to involve humanity in calamities more tremendous and far-reaching than anything which has followed in the wake of the present war. The greatest and most terrible evil existing among men and women to-day is that of sexual abuse and perversion. Some time ago the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases published a report and a volume of evidence dealing with the facts of the nature and prevalence of these diseases and also suggesting various methods for combating these national dangers.

For years past a number of enlightened and earnest men and women have sought to bring home to the mind and conscience of the nation the need for a widespread effort to root out the greatest and at the same time the most concealed evil in our national and racial life. But the workers have been few and the work immense and enormously difficult because of age-long prejudices and taboos. Man has, by the power which science has given him over Nature, created modern civilisation. Reform movements of every kind and for every object have sprung up in every country, but where reform was most needed no movement arose which had power to organise spiritual

AND, oh, when Nature sinks, as needs she must,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay—
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory for the strife is hard.

—WORDSWORTH.

victory for humanity. To be sure, men supposed that the great orthodox religious organisations were the legitimate and self-appointed instruments of reform in this direction, but all the world knew that the spirit of power and truth had departed from them and they no longer vitally influenced the minds and souls of men. I believe that only through the awakening of the spiritual consciousness can humanity be redeemed from this terrible evil and all the disastrous effects which follow in its train. Philanthropists, social reformers, and many others may help materially to improve the conditions under which humanity lives, but ultimately it is the mighty purifying influence of religion which will lift man out of his bondage to the evils of the purely sensual life. It is for us, who are confident of the ultimate spiritual victory of humanity, who know the truth of immortality, to labour with undiminished zeal for the down fallen, the ignorant, the wayward and the oppressed. We have been silent in the past as most other teachers of men have been silent, and yet we have known, even while we have seen men and women advancing in thought and life, that the greatest thing in the world in which they needed enlightenment was left alone, and they stumbled on in the darkness of ignorance and corrupted ideas. The time is come when the purifying fires of religion must consume the evil in men's hearts. Individual souls must be awakened to the truth of man's innate divinity and divine destiny. The social and religious influences of the past must be outlived and transcended by the spiritual genius of man which no tide of fate shall sweep back for ever.

So glorious is our nature, so august
Man's inborn uninstructed impulses,
His naked spirit so majestical.
BROWNING ("Paracelsus").

The cry I send forth is for my comrades, for the thousands, aye, millions who are not taught the truth. Some years ago a beautiful symbolic picture appeared in "Bibby's Annual." An aged philosopher is standing on a ledge of rock. Below the city its temples and great architectural wonders flash and glow as though blazoning the Almighty Genius of God. Ships of war and commerce ride the great sea which stretches from the city portals to the horizon. Just beneath on a lower ledge a group of city men look up at the sage with that cold cynical stare which characterises the man of the world. And they ask him questions and say, "Have we not built great cities and flung our fleets across the seas and triumphed over Nature? Is not all well with us?" And the philosopher, with bowed head, replies, "Nay, all is not well with ye, *for the people are not taught the truth.*" If we would see our ideal of a righteous humanity realised, if we would ensure the destiny of our children, if we would see rise up before us a god-like race of men and women, cleansed in the fires of the Spirit, beautified in body and mind and soul and radiant with the true happiness of well-being and well-doing, we must begin *now* to thunder forth the great message of Truth and Purity. Let us be fearless and brave; let us give our lives for our brethren; let us redeem the world for very love's sake.

SIDE LIGHTS.

Mrs. O. Meads writes recalling a communication from the "other side" which she received some years ago before the present war was thought of. In this message it was pointed out that the spiritual development of the race, which ought to be gradual and imperceptible, like the physical growth of the individual from infancy to manhood or womanhood, was rendered intermittent by the persistence with which human selfishness cast its temporary dams across the mighty river of evolution. They could be but temporary; the Divine law could never be permanently overcome. Presently the force behind drove the stream irresistibly on, and the obstacles raised by man's petty greed were swept away. Great national calamities like plagues, revolutions, and wars were but the impetuous surging forward of the pent-up stream of evolution. This thought had helped Mrs. Meads to see the meaning of the present great calamity, and to look forward to the good that should follow all the grief and horror which oppressed us.

So far as the ideas of terror associated with the mere fact of dissolution are concerned, the reflections contained in "The Adventure of Death" by Dr. Robert W. Mackenna, a well-

known Liverpool physician, are very consolatory. Not only would death itself appear to be rarely a painful thing, but the fear of it, he shows, almost invariably diminishes with its near approach. As regards a life beyond the present Dr. Mackenna seems to be unaware of any external evidence of survival. He justifies his belief in it solely by the instinct inherent in most of us. "It may be hard, and probably many people find it very hard, to believe that their personality will continue after death, but it is harder still for them to imagine their own extinction. There is something within us which rebels against the thought, and that something is the soul's consciousness of its own immortal destiny."

Mr. Lionel White sends us what we assume is to be regarded as an inspirational message couched in somewhat poetical phraseology, affirming that steps are being taken on the spirit side of life to open up avenues whereby Jesus will be able to complete the great work which he inaugurated while on earth, but of which the greater and more vital part was left uncompleted. He is represented as even now waiting outside the earth-portals for the time when he may with a great army of spirit helpers re-enter to carry out his mission to its ultimate fulfilment. Only so will the travail of his soul find its full satisfaction. He will then become recognised and acknowledged the "light of the world," the spirit of true brotherhood will take the place of fratricidal strife, and earth be changed to Heaven.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents and frequently publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion. In every case the letter must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Bible and Witchcraft.

SIR.—Mr. "McArthur's" interesting letter (p. 223) does not go far enough to my mind. In Scapula's Lexicon, *φαρμακός* and *φαρμακεός* mean a wizard, a maker of poisonous compounds and lethals, also love-charms and philtres. *Φαρμακον* refers, as Mr. "McArthur" says, to ordinary medicines, but also the reverse, as poison, and in this latter sense ancient times were agreed. In Horace's 5th Epode I submit you have the true meaning of *φαρμακός*. The four witches there are burying a boy alive, and, with his face only above ground, are determined to kill him by starvation, so that his marrow and liver may make a love-potion. No nation, old or otherwise, would permit such to live. Such lines as these following are suggestive of the aims of the *φαρμακός*, or witch.

[Canidia] Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas
Jubet cupressus funebres
Et uncta turpis ova ranae sanguine. . . .
Herbasque. . . .
Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis
Radix fefellit me locis. . . .
Exsucca uti medulla et aridum jecur
Amoris esset poculum. . . .
Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Fastidienti poculum.

All this, I submit, demonstrates what witches were in the days when it was decreed that they should not be allowed to live.—Yours, &c.,
Southsea.

CHAS. BUCHANAN HAMILTON.

SIR.—I have perused the letter from Deputy-Inspector-General Buchanan Hamilton which you have kindly shown me. I think it quite possible that the primeval instincts of men and women may have led them in ages gone by to perpetrate the horrors which he describes. "Ages gone by" say I: but we have only to look at the devilries committed by the orders of the German Higher Command, for the pleasure of the German people, to see that such brutal propensities survive. My point, however, was that the Septuagint rendered the Hebrew word by *φαρμακός*. This showed, at all events, what was the meaning attached to the word by the leading Hebrew scholars of the third century B.C. That meaning, at its very worst, seems to be that of poisoner or vendor of noxious drugs. Unfortunately the word only occurs once in the New Testament (Rev. xxii, 15), where both the A.V. and the R.V. render it "sorcerer." In the slightly variant form *φαρμακεύς* it occurs at Rev. xxi, 8, and is rendered in the same way. Grimm (*Clavis Novi Testamenti*, s.v.) renders both words as "one who prepares or uses magical remedies." But this leaves open the question what "magical" means, and does not bring us much nearer to a solution.—Yours, &c.,

ANGUS MCARTHUR,

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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1916.

[a Newspaper.] PRICE TWOPENCE.

CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way.....	241
The Bible and Witchcraft.....	242
A Generation Ago.....	242
Worlds Beyond Mortal Thought.....	242
Spirit the Underlying Reality.....	243
A Dream Life.....	244
Summer and the Desolate Places.....	245
The New Psychology and the Drama.....	246
A Supernatural Incident.....	247
The Inner Powers of Precious Stones.....	247
Sidelights.....	248
Unity Amid Confusion.....	248

NOTES BY THE WAY.

"War and the Weird," by Alexander Forbes Phillips and R. Thurston Hopkins (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net), is a book of a kind that has become popular by reason of the intense interest which, as an outcome of the war, has grown up of late in the psychic and supernormal side of things. As Mr. Forbes Phillips remarks in the opening article, "The Uncanny Under Fire," "Science and philosophy are now boldly entering the dim regions of the occult in search of its laws." We can check some of Mr. Phillips' statements by accounts received direct from those who have actually been in the fighting. The "Vision of Mons" naturally comes up for consideration, and we read that Mr. Arthur Machen is "altogether wrong when he imagines that he is the author of the belief in angelic visions." Indeed, Mr. Phillips tells us he was in France hearing stories of angelic visitations "long before Mr. Machen wrote his delightful yarn." Mr. Forbes Phillips' articles precede, by way of introduction, five sketches by Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins. They are all written from the popular side, and deal with the supernormal in warfare, suggesting comparison with some of Mr. Machen's stories on the same theme. One of the sketches, for instance, is concerned with the advent of a ghostly Bowman amongst the British soldiers during the desperate fighting at the beginning of the war. Such pieces of fiction are, of course, only suitable for general reading. They have no value from the side of serious psychical research, although they may excite interest in it. The division between psychical fact and psychical fiction unfortunately is apt to dissolve in the heat of public enthusiasm, and truth and fable to become inextricably blended. But "the truth will out" in the end.

* * * * *

We had supposed that the old fallacy that mediums are people who "call up" or "command" the presence of spirits had long died out amongst people with even a superficial acquaintance with our subject. But here it is again! A reader of *Light*, whose letter shows that she has more than a passing acquaintance with psychic literature, finds something repellent in the idea that spirits have to come and go at the dictates of a medium. How many times, we wonder, will it be necessary to repeat that spirits are *people*—men and women with minds and wills of their own, living in a world just as natural as this (perhaps a little more so!) and equally as much arbiters of their own destiny as here. They are not vapours to be wafted to and fro by every wind, although we have read books purporting to be written by authorities which would certainly convey that

impression. Mal-observation and loose habits of thought and speech have much to answer for in this matter. "I was so much attracted to the man that I went over and spoke to him" sounds perfectly reasonable as a remark uttered by one person concerning another. But when the same thing occurs in connection with the attraction between one on earth and another in the higher world, a quite misleading form of words may be used. "He drew the spirit to him" or "The spirit was drawn towards her," as though some kind of mechanical attraction were at work. It would, indeed, be revolting if spirits could be called up (or down) at the bidding of anyone—medium or not. If we can once get it firmly fixed in the public mind that spirits are human beings moving in an environment rather less restricted than earth we shall have done much to banish superstitious and fanciful notions concerning their nature.

* * * * *

"The Gospel Drama," by John Mysticus (C. W. Daniel, 5s. net), is a consistent and carefully worked-out interpretation of the Gospel narrative based on the proposition that the whole of that narrative, and not a portion merely, is symbolical in character and that its symbolism is of Divine, not human, origin. Without in the least disputing the existence of the historical Jesus the author regards it as unreasonable to suppose that the peculiar and miraculous incidents associated with his earthly career have any other than a symbolical significance. In the story told in the canonical gospels we are invited to see instead a dramatisation of the evolution of the human soul:—

In the soul the Divine nature takes birth, is educated, develops and grows up to maturity; after which its apparent death and burial occur, followed by its glorious resurrection and ascension, denoting its final triumph over the limitations which have been voluntarily accepted and then imposed upon it. The soul is centralised by the Divine Ideal of the story, and its qualities are represented by the other characters described. The Drama is concerned with the unfoldment of *vital truths* of the inner human being.

It is, indeed, of the nature of a cipher requiring a key to unlock its meaning, but we are assured that "the key will be found and the cipher read whenever there are minds ready to recognise the truths the drama contains." Further to assist in conveying some of these mystical truths the author employs a series of striking diagrams.

* * * * *

Those who have studied natural law in its relation to health and right-living cannot fail to discover that its keynote is a divine simplicity. The painful complications come in as a result of trying to rectify the life after a long period of unnatural complexity. Loyalty, for instance, is quite a simple matter, until the intellect comes in to try and find a means of running with the hare and keeping in with the hounds. A writer in an American magazine deals lucidly with the question. He instances the case of a man who is secretly untrue to his friend, i.e., "acting as if the latter were, and at another time were *not*, his friend." This is an inconsistency or confusion of mind, as well as

[July 29, 1916]

of conduct. But the law of life is not to be cheated. Such a man

is in the case of the fool who hopes to eat his pudding and yet to have it. Of course there are "cute" little arguments, propounded by Machiavelli and others, that the maximum advantage has to be squeezed out of any enterprise by judiciously timed little infidelities, betrayals, and so forth. And all these hinge on the fallacy of ends: for a certain "desirable end" a man will do this in itself objectionable deed. But then, when the end is obtained, he is grieved to discover that it turns out to be undesirable, because of the very deed by which he obtained it. This has been through all the ages the dying plaint of unprincipled and "successful" men. It is only a question once more of being wise and observant enough to foresee that the taint attaching to the means is going to linger on and affect the end. . . . Life is not lived for ends.

That brings out (quite apart from the particular argument) the wise old maxim which exhorts us to "live by the way." Even in the pursuit of an end thoroughly good in itself, we may miss great possibilities of present happiness from neglect of the many beautiful things that lie all along the path.

THE BIBLE AND WITCHCRAFT.

The Rev. David F. Stewart, M.A., writes:—

It seems to me the following four points may help towards an explanation:—

1. A person "with a familiar spirit" was one with a control—good or evil.
2. A witch was one who had dealings with evil spirits.
3. The people had got into the habit of worshipping spirits instead of God, and so the whole system was condemned.
4. The priests used Urim and Thummim, and did not want any opposition.

From Miss E. P. Prentice we have the following letter:—

Has it not been widely discussed among Bible critics and commentators whether the supernatural powers claimed by witches were real or pretended? We find that sorcery or witchcraft was common among all the idolatrous nations of antiquity. Pretences to witchcraft were also found among the primitive Christians, and a belief in it was common as late as the sixteenth century. Hindostan with its learned Brahmins is overrun with professors of the art. The Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, writing of its existence in West Africa, remarks that a person gifted with this mysterious power is supposed to possess little less than omnipotence.

A GENERATION AGO.

(FROM "LIGHT" OF JULY 31ST, 1886.)

Interesting to "C. C. M.": The "Pall Mall Gazette" says:—

"Just as the General Election was beginning we received from a provincial student of astrology an astrological forecast of its probable course. His letter was dated July 2nd, and his prediction was in no sense after the event, for even the result of the polling at Colchester was not known when his letter was written. His forecast consisted in the main of two predictions: (1) That on or before July 9th Mr. Gladstone's defeat would be a certainty, which has been fulfilled to the letter; (2) That his resignation might be expected on or before the 26th of July. Our astrologer has carried off the double event."

From "Notes by the Way."

HIS EXCELLENCY M. AKSAKOFF left London on Wednesday last for Paris and Biarritz. We understand that this gentleman has obtained full material in his experiments with Mr. Eglington for a complete reply to the "hallucination" theory of Eduard von Hartman.

FROM the "Christian Commonwealth" we learn with regret that Dr. John Hunter has lost a son in the war. Dr. Hunter, it will be remembered, delivered an eloquent address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in February of last year.

* The late Mr. C. C. Massey, who at that time contributed to LIGHT and was an enthusiastic astrologer.

WORLDS BEYOND MORTAL THOUGHT.

THE REPORT OF A REALIST.

BY N. G. S.

Although Mr. McKenzie's descriptions of the spheres occupy only a third of his book,* they seem (as I indicated in my notice of it last week) to call for separate treatment. We are asked to regard our planet as a series of solid concentric spheres surrounding our solid central globe like congealed atmospheres, diminishing continually in density as they recede. Those with which we are particularly concerned are seven, and extend to a distance of thirty-five thousand miles, which is about four times the diameter of the visible earth. There are others beyond, and each has sub-divisions of varying density. These spheres (or planes) are of superphysical matter obtained by the unceasing decomposition of all the substances of the physical core into minute particles, which are carried up by electric streams and lodged each at its proper level. Though impalpable to us now, they are very real, and it is in them that the future homes of humanity are to be found. The further they are away the more highly developed are the people, the more ideal the conditions, the more beautiful the vegetation and the more brilliant the light.

Nearest to us is the Astral Sphere, the lowest level of which is reserved for the spirits of animals, and it is seventy-five miles deep. Animals which have been pets remain with their masters for a time, but go no higher than the fourth sphere, after which they gravitate to their own region, where their fate has not been "worked out." Birds, however, rise higher. In the sphere just mentioned they acquire coats like plush and become translucent. In the sixth they are so luminous as to resemble animated jewels rather than live creatures. Above the animals sphere is the first of the three sub-divisions of the Astral, the surface being three hundred miles above our heads. Here low, sensual people live at the bottom of deep rocky gorges where nothing but a fungus grows and there are no houses; where the air is humid, a "low visibility" prevails and the conditions are altogether unpleasant and dreary. The mid-region is decidedly better. There is more light and less moisture, the ground is shale and mosses are able to grow. There are houses, cities and slums. In the upper region the ground is earthy and you have shrubs and grass of a poor sort, brownish-green in colour.

We now leave the Astral and come to Sphere II. We have risen one thousand two hundred and fifty miles and are in a country of rivers and lakes, with birds in the air and fish in the waters, but no animals of course, save those that have been pets in their former state. The people are mostly of the narrowly religious kind, and lectures are provided to broaden their ideas. Sphere III. is the Summer-land, a delightful world of enormous extent. That naturally must be, as we are leaving the earth farther and farther behind and increasing our circumference. Nearly all who die as children are sent here. The illumination is at least equal to sunlight, but no sun appears. The light comes from everywhere, so that there are no shadows. Neither is there any rain, wind or dust, and everybody is courteous and urbane. They live in houses with gardens, where the flowers turn towards you as you enter, or in case they don't like you, turn away. The houses are mostly of red brick, and they do not erect themselves at will or grow spontaneously, nor are they the creation of our thoughts while here, but have to be built. The bricks (like everything else in these wonderful lands) are made by extracting substances from the air with a complicated machine like a dynamo. They are then boiled in vats, pressed in moulds and dried in the air.

As we ascend, the inhabitants advance in intellect and spirituality, progressing from plane to plane by a refining process worked upon the body by the spirit within. The spheres, too, grow deeper, so that the earth could float in the sixth if it were fluid. The seventh reaches a distance of thirty-five thousand miles from earth and contains the highest types of humanity, who from this level are able to

* "Spirit Intercourse." By J. HEWAT MCKENZIE (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.)

visit the other planets. The ground here is crystalline, with the appearance of jewels. The streets are paved with blocks like frosted gold. The temples might be precious stones, and plants are entirely absent. No more than houses do clothes grow of themselves in those homes of the future. They are supplied to you on entering and you can change afterwards if you don't like them. Many readers will be pleased to learn that work is quite optional, and those who decide to work choose their own line, whether it be dressmaking, bricklaying, exploring or what not. Food is taken in by breathing, but fruit is sometimes eaten. Plants are produced by the action of will-power on the soil, and once produced they never die, but, like the inhabitants, grow to maturity and remain there. Should you die at an advanced age, you do not suddenly become young again, but may grow backwards gradually, if you wish, to what age you please. This is a matter of years, and you enjoy bodily vigour whatever your apparent age. There are no changing seasons. At the lower levels it is always dank and dismal, at the upper bright and warm; and in these countries you may dart about at lightning speed, but this uses up a great deal of energy and is reserved for occasions of need.

All these facts and much more I have learnt from Mr. McKenzie's startling book. The information is his, the language mine; and if this account of spirit lands reads somewhat like a fairy tale or allegory, that is, no doubt, my fault—or possibly my purpose. If I have described them at some length, that is because these chapters are typical of much that one reads, and also because the author's honesty is beyond dispute, and what he writes is not a summary of what he has read, but the fruit of his own inquiry and research. Certainly it was not his aim to amuse us with fairy tales. He has himself visited these super-worlds and has had the assistance of several eminent deceased scientists, and particularly of "the late Professor William James," who has been spending much of his post-mortem time in the pragmatic occupation of mapping and measuring the spirit spheres. The question is not of Mr. McKenzie's honesty, but the far larger question of the general credibility of these super-travellers' tales. For my own part I confess that the more I read of this part of his book, the more critical and judicial I grew. It all seemed too solid or too fairy-landish—too much within the range of easy subliminal invention. He brings back to earth nothing that is really super-earthly. A machine is indicated, but not explained; some "highly evolved musical instruments" are "impossible to describe." If only he could have brought us some improved system of notation, some new harmonic device, that indeed would have been convincing—almost.

There is no test that can be applied and—more important still—others have had the same opportunities and privileges, numerous spirits have given us the benefit of their experiences, and there is so much disagreement in all their accounts that it is our plain duty to look at these gift-horses closely in the mouth. All that Mr. McKenzie has told us may be true, but then, on the other hand, it may not, and he himself claims no infallibility. He is quite aware of the possibility of error. This is what he thinks of Dante: "He undoubtedly saw the astral gulfs . . . but his religious training coloured all he saw." "Nowhere," he says, "are fiery furnaces to be found." But if he will refer to the "Revelation of the Monk of Evesham in 1196 concerning the Places of Purgatory and Paradise," he will find that a visitor of earlier days saw not only fiery furnaces but souls tormented in the flames—yea, even melted like wax. What does Dante think of Mr. McKenzie? I would like much to know. Is there no "dome of many-coloured glass" that stains the white radiance of Mr. McKenzie's vision? That is what we are compelled to ask.

In the reports that have come to us there is diversity on many points. Some scout the idea of geography altogether and offer us "states" for "places," with every man's surroundings the expression of his spiritual condition—a world of chaos one might deem it. It is generally taught that clothes provide themselves spontaneously or appear in answer to a wish, and this is the experience of those who leave the body temporarily. Mr. Hilary Severn found the inhabitants of the Grey World supplied with "stale crusts of bread which

looked as if they might have been picked up on some dust-heap." Mr. McKenzie has nothing to say of the spheres below the earth which are referred to by "Imperator," nor of those spirits who remain attached to their old physical surroundings. What of "the Mists" of R. J. Lees, and the spirits who arrive tied up with the ropes of their narrow mental outlook? What of the Angels of Swedenborg who meet the new arrivals, and whose society they may choose or reject? What of the Guardian Angels of Anna Kingsford, who are really a part of ourselves? Do spirits have to "earn their living," as "Rachel" informs us? May we accept Mr. McKenzie's mileage or alternatively the space concepts of the fourth dimension? Mr. Leadbeater describes the spirit spheres as made each one by an act of the Solar Deity from the substance of the sphere above. We now learn of this completely opposite process of "decomposition." It is hard, too, to believe in rivers and lakes where there is no rain.

I said Mr. McKenzie was not writing fairy tales, but when I read that the only way of escape from the astral gorges is by climbing the steep precipices, at the top of which those are waiting who will take you through the air to a better country, I was forcibly reminded of the tale of Jack and the Beanstalk. When I read of the colony whose members employ their whole time in decking themselves with new clothes and asking each other "How do I look?" I doubted whether among those planes there might not be one called "The Plane of Illusion." Much we know in a general way of other-world life, but in matters of detail, as anyone may see, an attitude of caution and reserve is absolutely forced upon us.

It is not that we refuse to believe in the real and substantial nature of the spirit worlds. Arguing *a priori* we might be disposed to deny the possibility of what is almost a replica of this plane in matter of a different order, as solid as our own, yet inappreciable by our senses; but the *a priori* argument is ruled out by what we know of strange happenings here, where we see matter passing through matter and hear voices coming from the empty air, where, only the other day, we had demonstrated to us a mechanism for levitation, rigid yet impalpable. We have no choice but to accept what is proved. There is, however, another side to this question. Those, whose natures are more religious and idealist than practical and scientific, may feel that something is lost by following truth relentlessly if it leads to what looks like the materialising of the spiritual. A natural fear, but mistaken, I think. Even in this world we are able to cultivate ideals. Why, then, should we expect to be better and happier living a purely mental life in a void, rather than a life of activity in a beautiful country? Besides, the future here drawn in outline is not eternal. The life in a void may come later. But are we sure we could in any case get rid entirely of "things"? There is no reality in abstractions. Suppose we succeed in reducing everything finally to mind, what is mind? Is it something or is it nothing? Be the truth what it may, we must follow the gleam whithersoever it lead.

SPIRIT THE UNDERLYING REALITY.

The subtle relation of matter to force—the more attenuated the one the more potent and elusive the other—is not without significance. As an instance, take the development of illumination. At first the smoky, resinous torch of the savage, next the use of fat or oil, then coal gas, and lastly electricity. At each stage a refinement in the method of production and a corresponding increase in the brilliancy and utility of the light. This intensification of energy is observable in other familiar transformations upon the physical plane. We are conscious of a like tendency in ourselves—the less coarse we are in body and mind the greater our capacity for things spiritual. With the subjugation of the flesh comes clearer insight and a closer grasp of spiritual truth. By degrees we are led to realise that spirit is the underlying reality, and instead of laboriously seeking to demonstrate its presence we intuitively recognise its manifestations. The experiences of daily life, rightly understood, will be found to be full of spiritual incident and rich in occult teaching.

ARTHUR BUTCHER.

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A DREAM LIFE.

In his Introduction to "The Dreams of Orlow,"* Mr. J. Arthur Hill remarks that the greatest advance in psychology during the last half century has been in the domain of the subconscious. And in regard to the dream-world as a source of inspiration in the waking life, he cites such instances as R. L. Stevenson, Cædmon and Ibsen, and gives some striking quotations from Pindar, Euripides and Shelley. We hope we may without presumption add Keats to the list. His "Sleep and Poetry" is a fine tribute to the "rich benedictions" which he gained in slumber:—

Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet;
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I partly owe to him.

"The Dreams of Orlow" is a remarkable and fascinating book. Cast in the form of fiction with much of picturesque description and witty dialogue, it gives, as the author assures us, an "accurate account of real visions that a person still living has obtained." Orlow Erinveine ("Orlow the Dreamer") is the daughter of an utterly unpractical father, reputed to be a genius, and a mother whose pathetic faith in her husband blinds her to the possibilities of future wretchedness for her family as the outcome of his aloofness from the hard facts of existence. Fortunately for her, she is removed by death from the later catastrophes that descend on the family when Orlow becomes a poor drudge, the household serf, victim of the selfish caprices of a narrow-minded lodger, Miss Raleigh, and of the irresponsible father bemused with his books. Ann, the sister, finds a place as nursery governess, and the clever brother, Martin, is doomed to the dreary world of clerkdom.

The picture grips one. It has so many parallels in daily life. But Orlow has the power of "Dreaming True," and her night visions, which are many and strange, bring inspiration and interest into a life that would otherwise have been utterly hopeless and sordid. The dreams are sometimes inspiring and beautiful, bearing with them an influence that carries her through gloomy days. Now and again, however, they are of a baffling, sometimes gruesome character, but even these give opportunities for the distraction of Orlow's mind from the mundane troubles that beset her path. She ponders the problems they present and discusses them with Martin, whose cynical and often humorous comments provide the lighter side of the story. Some-

* "The Dreams of Orlow" by A. M. IRVINE (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 5s. net).

times when his interest is aroused, Martin offers some curiously wise suggestions. The dialogue, indeed, is not the least interesting part of the book. If Orlow is a dreamer, Martin is a philosopher and wit. Ann, who is a "minor third," comes into the dreams in a curious fashion, and also figures in some telepathic experiments with Orlow.

Orlow's dreams, though full of interest, especially to the psychologist, are rather elusive when brought into the cold light of everyday. There are vague suggestions of reincarnation, which appear to provide some kind of a clue, but although Orlow's story ends with her marriage to a man whom she frequently meets in her visions (where he acts as a guide and protector) he is entirely unconscious in his waking life of the part he has played as a dream character. "So Orlow is still without the proof she wanted." In this respect the story differs from Rudyard Kipling's marvellous tale of the "Brushwood Boy" in which the youth and maiden after their dreams meet in the waking world and remember each other.

We found the chapter on "Elementals" distinctly profitable by reason of its rational treatment of the problem of these grisly entities:—

For a considerable period Orlow's True Dreams were haunted at the start by these . . . ugly figures, which she came to call Elementals because they seemed the elementary mouldings of dream fancies. They used to appear before her when she was only half asleep, and sometimes mouthed defiance or seemed to try to prevent her entrance into the dream realm. She formed several theories about these creatures, which she soon ceased to fear. She thought that in the mind world there must be a source of life from which lower life is derived that turns into the souls of separate animals or insects in the material world, probably lapsing into the general life current upon ceasing to exist in the different bodies. This element of life, she surmised, could be fashioned by thought into any sort of shape upon the spirit plane, though immediately melting away as the mind which fashioned it ceased to work upon the current.

The power of thought of which we hear so much in regard to experiences in after-death states has here a suggestive illustration. But the mind which makes its own hobgoblins is ill-occupied in trying to foist them on other minds as a part of the eternal verities. The horrors and the grotesques are all illusory and fictitious except to the soul that sins or fears. They are no part of the permanent order, divinely sane and divinely simple.

To illustrate the artistic way in which the humorous element is introduced as a relief to the graver side of the book, and how that in turn serves to convey a moral, the importance of which still lacks full appreciation, we take the following further excerpt from the chapter on Elementals:—

"It has occurred to me," said Martin, "that once you can produce a True Dream, you ought to be able to fix where it is to be played out. I mean, you ought to be able to go to London, if you elect to do so, or to Oxford, or anywhere you definitely decide. And you ought to be able to meet anyone else who also can Dream True, by appointment."

Orlow's eyes expanded. The idea was great. She saw no reason—then—why it should be unworkable.

"In that way," pursued Martin, "the True Dreamers might have a good time of it, travelling about and seeing places. It would be less expensive, too, than taking excursions by train! As far as that goes, if you made a bargain with your pupils in True Dreaming, you might arrange, for a certain sum, to conduct them about the world, and so earn an honest penny over what is else an unprofitable business. Eh?"

"One thing I can tell you for certain," spoke Orlow, with vehemence: "if once the idea of profit were introduced, or if the curse of money were allowed to fall upon this part of life, it would collapse like house of cards."

"You could put an advertisement in the papers," proceeded Martin, as if she had not interrupted, "Excursion to Africa to-night. Dream punctually at half-past eleven, and meet your visionary guide outside the Town Hall. Dream journey to start while the clock strikes twelve. Excursionists are warned

that they had better retire early in order to be asleep in time. Tickets only one guinea each.' 'Why, you might pocket fifty guineas in one night if you advertised widely enough.'

Martin did not provoke a smile by this sally. It grated upon Orlow's feelings as if he made fun of something that to her was holy. The idea of money connected with anything of the spirit was almost awful.

Altogether, it is a book to read and ponder over. Orlow's experiences and her comments upon them are a valuable contribution to dream-psychology, although they occasionally seem to be tinctured with some of the sombre and depressing influences of her daily life. A little more of the sunny side of earth experience might have given them a brighter aspect, and led to more cheerful and definite conclusions. But her experience of the radiant possibilities of the dream-world give the book a charm. Many others have made the discovery, and found in it a source of hope and courage in a world of travail above the shadows of which it is given to few to rise completely.

SUMMER AND THE DESOLATE PLACES.

A MEDITATION AND A MESSAGE.

BY "NEERA."

Summer is with us again! Everywhere, in the woods, beside the river banks, across the meadows she has brought her glad summons. Everywhere in Nature there is an undercurrent of rejoicing, for the divine spirit of eternal, ever-renewing youth is calling to the world to clothe herself in the garments of joy. "Life," she cries, "I bring you life!" And the birds answer her call with their paens of praise, returning from far lands to hear her glad tidings. The call of the mysterious grey bird rings through the land, the call of love—Life and Love.

In Nature all is as it has ever been. It is only in our desolate hearts that this summer sunshine seems joyless, for there can be few homes now that have not paid the price of loyalty. Not perhaps the uttermost price. "He" may still be with us, and we talk of him cheerily, a little airily, as if to cheat a listening-fate into belief that we defy its power to hurt us.

Nevertheless, hidden under a matter-of-fact or captious manner lies the gnawing anxiety, and restlessly we turn to work or to play, to the multitude of small interests we keep going against "his" return, always hoping and believing that all will be well.

But what of those for whom there can be no songbirds in the heart, no green things of life and love, to whom the ringing call of the cuckoo will only add one more stab of pain? They look out on the world of green things. What do these say to them? What message have the hedges of wild roses, the flame of gorse flung over commons and uplands, the meadows sweet with the scent of hay? Outwardly the world is the same. The soul-less things have come back, but "he," where is "he"?

Better the long, dark winter, the imprisoning walls, than this laughing garden world of life and love mocking with its contrast the death-chamber of the heart.

In every town now one sees a few quiet, black-robed figures, their blanched faces imprisoned within black veils, out of which look eyes asking dumbly for comfort. In our hearts, I think, as we pass one of these desolate young creatures, every man would like to bare his head in homage, every woman whisper her thanks for the sorrow borne in her stead. For every tear that these women shed literally thousands benefit, and we cannot accept unconcernedly such a sacrifice. Yet how can we help them? What can we say to them? This is not the moment, when the whole world is sorrowing or in hourly anxiety, to repeat the old clichés about death. Death is too close and familiar a figure in these days, and no one knows through whose doors he will not enter next. He is both too near, and yet too strange, to most of us who have not yet faced his majesty and beauty through the eyes of one passionately loved.

"What is it like—the valley of his Shadow?" I asked one whose road lay for the moment within its solitude. She looked at me for a moment with her quiet, tragic eyes, as if to assure herself that it was no idle question. Then she smiled.

"It is very quiet," she said. "A deep, hushed valley that leads to the heart of things, to the great God. It is the passage between finite and infinite life, and in its living silence one hears one thing, the voice of the Father of all; and one meets one thing, one's own soul."

"Yes," I thought, "that is death." What have we to offer to women who have passed through that? Not some outworn platitude, produced in haste from the mental rubbish bag because, hitherto, we have never given the necessary time or thought with which to produce the living word. These women have seen the great realities. They have soared to the peaks of happiness, and sunk into the pit of despair. It is from them that we may learn the glory and the isolation of a great sorrow, we whose lives are still intact, whom war has not touched in its cruellest form. Sometimes I wonder just why these particular men died the sacrificial death, and the women who loved them have been called on to bear their crushing burden. But to know this would be to know the secrets of all souls, for if we do not believe in blind chance it seems reasonable to suppose that at some moment of their lives these men and women chose, perhaps subconsciously, this destiny, and that every step in life was a preparation to this end. And now these veiled sisters watch for us between Time and Eternity for they alone among the living have touched the fringe of Life and Death. If they loved and were loved passionately, their lives have been swept utterly clean, and they are gazing now across a future that must seem empty as a desert. For they have lost the only relationship intended by Nature to continue through life, and now no one remains to them beside whose chair they will inevitably draw up their own chair in the evening of their lives. And those things which their all too brief happiness did not find time to say will never now be said. And if they did not love . . . then are their lives perhaps even more tragic. What can we say to them, what can we do for them, we who still have our lives to enjoy—if we will?

I can think of only one word of comfort to offer them that would be worthy of their sacrifice. I would ask them to remember that a great choice was put before them. Not a personal choice such as comes to most of us at some time in our lives, but a choice outside Time and touching Eternity. And they made their choice. They had the supreme and extraordinary courage to allow themselves to be used by the Great Ones for the uplifting of the world. I do not say that the world will be uplifted; that the millennium is coming, or that this war will eradicate war. But they and their gallant dead made these things possible, and now it is for us to make good their sacrifice. They shirked nothing, following out to its most terrible and glorious conclusion their love of country and of right, and in time that peace of God which passeth all understanding must descend on those who gave all for the peace of the world.

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As an inducement to new and casual readers to become subscribers, LIGHT will be sent for thirteen weeks, *post free*, for 2s., as a "trial" subscription. It is suggested that regular readers who have friends to whom they would like to introduce the paper should avail themselves of this offer, and forward to the Manager of LIGHT at this office the names and addresses of such friends, upon receipt of which, together with the requisite postal order, he will be pleased to send LIGHT to them by post as stated above.

THE Greek Government has announced to Dr. Drakoules, the well-known humanitarian and Socialist writer, and formerly member of the Greek Parliament, that it has decided to introduce this month a Bill for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, drafted by Dr. Drakoules. The Bill is sure to be voted for by the present Parliament, as it is well known that the Queen fosters a strong interest in the welfare of animals. This humanitarian law will be the fruit of long and persistent efforts of Dr. Drakoules.—"THE HERALD OF HEALTH."

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DRAMA.

Although *LIGHT* has already dealt very fully with "The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy Theatre, there is so much of value and interest in an article on the subject under the above title, by Miss Felicia Scatcherd, in the current issue of the "Asiatic Review," that, by kind permission of the editor, it is here reproduced, with some small abridgments:—

Just when we're safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
To rap and knock and enter in our soul.
—BROWNING.

"The Barton Mystery," now being played at the Savoy Theatre, marks an epoch in the history of modern drama with regard to psychology on the stage. Subjects taken from the realm sacred to the psychical researcher have been dealt with before, but mostly from the farcical point of view. Now we have a careful study of real mediumship, distorted and disfigured it is true by weaknesses and defects, but these latter, regrettable as they may be in themselves, no more destroy the fact of the possession of psychical gifts than does a tendency to violent temper annul mathematical or musical genius.

Indeed, the "irritability," using the term in a technical sense, which in bad environment tends to alcoholic or other excess in one case, or to violent passion in the other, may be just the necessary condition for the production of the rare and valuable contributions made by these highly endowed natures to the sum of human knowledge and experience. In a more enlightened social order, these sensitive beings would be carefully cherished and shielded, so that the best in them could be forthcoming. To-day they are persecuted and prosecuted, insulted and scorned, even by those who profit most by the exercise of their unusual faculty.

The author of "The Barton Mystery," Mr. Walter Hackett, is alleged to have met the original of Beverley in Atlantic City. Mr. Hackett's friend, Broadhurst, who had just written his successful play, "Bought and Paid for," was with him. The American actor and producer, Mr. John Mason, had arranged to produce the piece and to play in it. The Atlantic City psychic said Mason would not play his part, and gave the name of the actor who would replace him. This prediction was realised, and Mr. Hackett, the creator of Beverley, wrote his drama, in which true psychic faculty is given the prominent position which it actually occupies in daily life.

"The Barton Mystery" as a play is admirably conceived, and rivets attention all the way through. The "mystery" as to the murderer of the unfortunate man who gives his name to the drama remains unsolved almost to the end.

It has been called a one-man play. This is not exactly true. A conception such as "Beverley," carried out by an actor like H. B. Irving, must create an enthralling centre of interest round which the other characters group themselves with the inevitableness of living sequence. But these others are presentations of live people whom many of us have met. Each exists as part of a vivid balanced whole, forming an essential and therefore integral factor in the outworking of the plot.

As in Shakespeare and in everyday life, tragedy and comedy are so interblended that a fine humour relieves the otherwise unbearable tension. Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are delightful creations, especially the former, and Holman Hunt and Marie Illingworth leave little or nothing to be desired in their respective interpretations.

Sir Everard and Lady Marshall are types respectively of what the late Professor William James termed the "scientific-academic" mind and the "feminine-mystical mind." It is in line with the curious ironies of mundane existence that two such types should have become man and wife, since, as Professor James puts it: "They shy from each other's facts just as they fly from each other's temper and spirit. Facts are there only for those who have a mental affinity with them."

What opened-eyed student of psychical matters has not met many Sir Everards even in the exalted ranks of the Society for Psychical Research, men credulous in their incredulity, who, rejecting genuine evidence, fall a victim to "faked phenomena" because, forsooth, the latter complied with conditions laid down by themselves in their colossal ignorance of the laws governing those unexplored fields of knowledge. But having been led into the truth by false evidence, having "seen the light," Sir Everard Marshall becomes a staunch and courageous pioneer, and thus illustrates and justifies Professor James's contention as to the superior capacity of the scientific mind over the mystical one in dealing with ascertained facts. The wild advocacy of the sentimental Lady Marshall, who adopted

a new religion every few months and deemed it her duty to convert her much-tried husband, is a case in point. He deliberate "helping out of the phenomena" in her anxiety to convince her husband, evinces a disregard for truth and a lack of conscientiousness of which the scientific mind is rarely guilty, but which is not infrequently displayed by over-zealous propagandists of various religious schools of thought.

And Richard Standish, M.P. (powerfully portrayed by Mr. H. V. Esmond), who, in his agony of anxiety to save the life of an innocent man—against reason, against common sense, against all that such a man stands for—clutches at the proverbial straw, and consents to consult a "weird" being whom he regards as eccentric and absurd—is he not multiplied amongst us to-day by the thousand—nay, by the million—in the crushed and grief-stricken men and women who find no consolation in orthodox religion, no answer from official science to the problems that threaten to overwhelm the very citadels of reason—nay, of life itself? Hard-hearted science and soft-headed religion drive them in crowds to Beverley and his like, and be it said in all seriousness and admitted with thankfulness that these much-sinned-against members of the human family, against whom all doors are shut, to whom all justice is denied, these men and women possessing the "sixth sense" do often prove a tower of strength in weakness and despair, and a source of guidance and enlightenment in bewilderment and perplexity when everything else has proved of no avail.

A criticism levelled against the play is that the dream-scene is not clearly enough indicated to be a dream. Most spectators seeing it for the first time have no notion that they are witnessing a dream. This so-called defect is really a triumph of artistic suggestion. It is afterwards realised how stupid one was not to have seen that it was a dream! As a spectacle, the intense interest with which the dream-scene is followed would be lessened and the glad relief of discovering that the good Richard Standish is a murderer in dream-life only would vanish completely were one conscious that it was only a dream from which the sleeper would soon awaken. The psychological problems raised by the dream itself are of paramount interest, but cannot be dealt with here.

Beverley may be an "imperturbable trickster," but he is a gifted human being of genuine if eccentric genius. The more one studies the character the stronger becomes one's admiration of Mr. H. B. Irving's interpretation of Mr. Hackett's masterpiece.

Beverley drinks too much whisky and pockets his host's cigars. He is not scrupulous as to means for the attainment of a desired end. He knows certain things are true, and under pressure does not hesitate to lie on behalf of that truth. Society forces this upon him, since he has to live by its suffrages, and it cannot understand that his "powers" control him. He does not, cannot, control his powers.

And is not this true of genius and inspiration in all their varied and transcendent manifestations? The mood is not always at command. "The spirit bloweth where it listeth." Terror and ecstasy clutch at our heartstrings and hurl us into the abyss or waft us to the Empyrean most effectively, most surely, when we are off our guard; when, for a moment, the objective self is quiescent under the spell of some great emotion, some overwhelming sense of awe and wonder, of love or hate, of joy or sorrow, of life or death.

Humanity has ever treated its most gifted children, its poets and seers, its prophets and mediums, with senseless cruelty and crude stupidity; hence the Laureate's manufactured verse and the sensitive's "faked" phenomena.

The medium, like the scientist, knows that there are laws governing the seemingly erratic realm in which he functions. His knowledge is purely empirical, but it is knowledge as far as it goes. He expresses this truth in his own quaint fashion by saying he must have certain "conditions."

"My dear, your Prince of Mystery is quailing before a true scientific test!" exclaims Sir Everard to his wife, when Beverley declares himself unequal to an impromptu séance.

"I am not quailing," replies the badgered sensitive.

"I have quailed already"—pointing archly to the dining-room door—and one cannot be psychic after supper."

Sir Everard, however, insists, is completely convinced by the sham séance of "helped-out phenomena," and indignantly repudiates all possibility of trickery or deception. He "sees the light," while his wife, an unwilling accomplice to the fraud, sorrowfully abandons her latest "religion" and makes the salutary discovery that psychical powers are not of necessity a guarantee of moral probity or spiritual worth.

As before stated, Mr. Irving's "Beverley" is a triumph of impersonation.

Twenty years' study of mediums and mediumship enable the writer to make the deliberate statement that half a dozen

sympathetic visits to the Savoy Theatre will teach one truths on this nascent science of psychical research that many years' faithful membership of that august body, the London S.P.R., has failed to impart to the bulk of its adherents. This is not said by way of criticism. Such a body has its duties and responsibilities. It cannot afford to make mistakes. It must risk executing a dozen innocent victims rather than take to its official bosom one "rogue and vagabond" of the Beverley type.

"Beverley" demonstrates the existence of the supernormal faculty of psychometry, and he instances historical examples. In the play guilty persons are traced and discovered, scenes of betrayal and murder reconstructed.

The "instability" of temperament, which is the source of Beverley's sensitiveness, also makes him liable to respond to his environment for good or ill. He is the victim of society.

Society (with a capital S) fawns on him and cajoles him, carries him in its pocket with its lap-dogs and vanity bags. When he will not, or cannot, gratify its whims and caprices, it chastises him as does the Fiji Islander his idol. Indeed, it is more cruel to him than to its lap-dogs, which it allows "charming" professors to vivisect so long as its own individual pet is safe. But should misfortune overtake its favourite medium, it relegates him or her without a pang to the mercy of official psychesectors, civic or scientific, and hunts out fresh victims of the listless curiosity it dignifies by the name of "scientific investigation."

It despises him and scorns him, excludes him from its clubs and confidences, yet appeals to him when all else fails, when science is mute and the heavens are as brass. It receives his indispensable services with condescension, and imagines all obligations discharged by a cheque. Even this pecuniary recognition is often lacking, for society sometimes develops an excrecence it calls "conscience" which will not permit it to pay for "spiritual" things with filthy lucre.

"My dear, one cannot believe in the creature's genuineness if we make it a matter of £ s. d.," it simpers.

It regards him as an "oily impudent charlatan," yet reviles him for leaving unsolved the problems that have defied mankind through all ages. When he does succeed in throwing a gleam of light on some hitherto baffling mystery, "coincidence," that "watchword of ignorance," gets the credit.

All this and more Mr. Irving makes his audience feel. He arouses a strange pity for, and comprehension of, the pathos and tragedy of such a life as that of the Society Medium. He shows him to be, at his worst, a victim of the defects of his gifts; at his best, generous, forgiving, long-suffering, tolerant of the vices and stupidities of his clients, because he knows how much all men are at the mercy of circumstances. He remains at heart a child, suffering keenly, but not resenting the pain, for his wayward genius has revealed to him in his moments of true inspiration glories unspeakable. He has seen the "light that never was on sea or land," and feels himself a "strayed angel" from realms supernal, doomed for some inscrutable reason to sojourn awhile on the dark planet men call Earth.

A "SUPERNATURAL" INCIDENT.

We cull the following anecdote from an old issue of the Hartford "Courant," an American newspaper. It recalls the story related by Mr. Percy Street in his address to the London Spiritualist Alliance in January last (LIGHT, February 5th, 1916, p. 45):—

Bishop Cox relates that on one occasion he was reading the service in a little church, with only a handful of worshippers present, when he suddenly resolved to close the Psalter with the *Gloria in Excelsis* instead of the customary *Gloria Patri*. He had never done this before, he says, and has never done it since. During the day he was called upon by a widow "of high position in society and a family eminent in the history of our country." She asked him whether he had been desired by any of her relations to gratify her by departing from custom. She had always made this day one of special private devotion, as it was the anniversary of her husband's death. She had made an effort to be at church that morning on this account. "What was my surprise," she said, "to hear you break off with the *Gloria in Excelsis*. My husband, very reticent as to his religious emotions, lay dying. Suddenly he aroused himself, and to the amazement of all recited the *Gloria* in entirety. Reflecting on this as I went to church on this anniversary, imagine my surprise when, for the only time in a long time, I found the *Gloria* so used by the clergyman. I joined in with it with feelings greatly excited, and come to thank you for so kindly considering me."

Her husband was a stranger to the Bishop, who regards the whole incident as supernatural.

THE INNER POWERS OF PRECIOUS STONES.

The mere idea of power in a gem may provoke to laughter the superficial critic, but not the true philosopher—the cause-seeker—who sees in ridicule only a fool's weapon. It is apparent that a thought put forth can be clothed in matter, hence rises the palace from the conception of the architect, the picture from the conception of the painter; and it is equally apparent that an influence, a power, can draw unto itself, and intermix with itself, substances for its material manifestation in the same way as we of the earth draw for our material manifestation earth substances which constitute our flesh and bone.

We will regard man as a twofold entity—mortal and immortal. He is, then, composed of a perishable and an imperishable form, and especial gems have been allotted to each, all blending, however, in simple and beautiful harmony. The denser gems, such as the onyx, jasper, malachite, are emblematical of the material man, while the diamond, emerald, ruby, &c., reflect the man immaterial.

It has been truly said that man, no matter how low his condition, ever raises his eyes to the stars, and it is rare indeed, even in our very materialistic world of to-day, to find a person utterly without conception of some being higher than himself. In a matter of gems the symbol of something higher than mere earth is expressed in the precious order of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, &c., and it is natural that these should be placed above the jasper, the onyx, the cornelian, &c. Their worth, in the eyes of man, is greater, their rarity is greater, the symbol for which they stand more ethereal, and within themselves are the elusive forces which analysis, however keen, cannot find.

We connect the visible form of man with the visible world around him—the invisible is conscious force which acts on the plastic visible, moulding it to its desires and demanding obedience absolute. Jacob Böhme wrote that when the serpent of Eden said to Eve, "Thy eyes shall be opened," her earthly eyes were opened, but the heavenly ones were closed. Thus all the mighty forces of the Invisible and Divine were closed to eyes that had lost their sense of heavenly sight, eyes that had seen sin, so that the light of divinity blurred the sight and opened it only on a material, slavish, and obeying world of form.

An anonymous writer says that there is something as yet lacking satisfactory explanation in regard to gems, just as there is in regard to what, for lack of a more scientific name, we call "luck." He remarks on the progress of Nature from gross to subtle, from heard-of things to unheard-of things, and none who is not omniscient could say that the affinities of loadstone and iron in the magnetic world have no analogy in a subtler sphere. The latent, real occult forces in the gem can be forced into life and action when the superior and sympathetic life directing the human will compels such action.

The wearer of a talismanic gem should appreciate the high and sacred meaning of his jewel. From the very instant the gem is employed, the mind must be raised to contemplation of the extreme power of the Creator, and it must be recognised that the lost crown of man can be gained by rightly directed thought and immovable faith.

The famous Francis Barrett, F.R.S., wrote:—

It is a common opinion of magicians that stones inherit great virtues, which they receive through the spheres and activities of celestial influences by the medium of the soul or spirit of the world. Authors very much disagree in respect of the probability of their actually having such virtues *in potentia*, some debating warmly against any occult or secret virtue lying hid in them; others as warmly showing the causes and effects of these sympathetic properties.

However, to leave these trifling arguments to those who love civil and contentions better than I do, and as I have neither leisure nor inclination to enter the lists with sophists and tongue-philosophers, I may say that these occult virtues are disposed throughout the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, by seeds or ideas originally emanating from the Divine mind, and through super-celestial spirits and intelligences always operating according to their proper offices and governments allotted them; which virtues are infused, as we

before said, through the medium of the Universal Spirit as by a general and manifest sympathy and antipathy established in the law of Nature.

—DR. ISIDORE KOZMINSKY in "The Harbinger of Light."

SIDE LIGHTS.

In his nightly column of "Gossip" in the "Evening News," "The Londoner" says some quaintly wise things. In a recent issue of the journal, discussing the attitude of Science towards popular superstitions—in especial the idea that the cannonading in France is responsible for the wet and dismal summer—he remarked:—"Who knows but that Science will change its mind over this matter. It has changed its mind before to-day. I remember that I once read in a newspaper an address in which a proud professor made game of an old-fashioned fancy that the bed of a man taken with the small-pox should be hung with red curtains. A year passed and Science was talking obscurely about the action of light upon certain diseases, about the filtration of actinic rays. It had come round to the red curtain superstition and was dressing it up in learned language."

Some of our readers will recall the name of Mr. Reginald Machell, who some fifteen years ago was known in London for his remarkable symbolic paintings which won for him considerable distinction as an artist. He was a member of the Theosophical Society, but at the time of the "split," after the death of Mme. Blavatsky, he went to Point Loma, California, as a member of the Theosophical community there under the leadership of Mrs. Katherine Tingley. According to our last advices, he is still engaged in painting, and with such success that famous American writer visiting the colony spoke in the highest terms of his work as tending to create for Point Loma the title to be an "Artist's Mecca." Mr. Machell's name was recalled to our mind recently by an announcement in the Press of the death of Colonel Machell, of the Border Regiment, who was killed at the front, and of whom it is stated that he was a son of the late Canon Machell and a cousin of Lord Midleton. Colonel Machell we understand to have been a brother of Mr. Reginald Machell.

The "Daily Chronicle" devotes three-quarters of a column to a review of "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," the book recently noticed in LIGHT. It is written by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and the general tenor of the article is derisive of the reality of mediumship—Mrs. Piper's mediumship at least. It reads a little oddly in view of articles which, if we remember aright, appeared in the same journal some time ago, suggesting that spirit intercourse had a diabolical source. Of course an editor cannot be held responsible for the conflicting opinions of different writers in the same journal; but it seems necessary to remind some of the opponents of psychic research that they cannot have the argument "both ways." To treat a subject as an imposture at one time and at another as a reality with a diabolical significance, is, to say the least, confusing to the general reader, and it certainly reveals a bias, which in the end defeats its own aims. We recall Abraham Lincoln's celebrated aphorism: "You can fool all the people some of the time; you can fool some of the people all of the time; but you cannot fool all the people all of the time."

Mr. Charles W. J. Tennant, writing on behalf of the Christian Science Committees on Publication, says: "Your issue of July 15th contains the following question and answer: 'What is New Thought? A definition is not easy, but we think that, like Christian Science and similar movements, it is a method (one of many) whereby the powers of the subconscious mind are brought into activity.' Systems which have for their basis the human mind and its beliefs of material consciousness and subconsciousness, have nothing in common with Christian Science, which is defined by Mrs. Eddy, on page 1 of 'Rudimentary Divine Science' as 'the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the divine Principle and rule of universal harmony.'" Mr. Tennant has omitted the context in the sentences he quotes. We supply it. Following those sentences we wrote, "That is another way of saying that it is a cultivation of the attitude of reliance on spiritual rather than on material agencies, for, as we have learned, it is through the subconscious mind that spiritual power . . . comes into action in the physical life." Christian Science, we cordially concede, has done a tremendous work, but there may easily be a wide difference between what it claims to be and what it actually is,

UNITY AMID CONFUSION.

The apparent contradictions and confusions in communications received from the spirit world are a source of triumph to the opponents of Spiritualism and a difficulty to inquirers.

It is well to remember that these communications are from beings who once were mortal, and who still retain something of the varying moods and prejudices of their mortal state, and who, existing in different spheres, necessarily have experiences of life vastly differing one from the other, and in their communications with us are hampered by their own limited knowledge and power of expression, by the mood which influences the auric conditions of the sitters or inquirers upon the earth-plane, and by the imperfections of the medium through whom the communications are made. When examined more closely, these inconsistencies are not as great as at first they appear to be.

Among the principal lessons to be learned from a consideration of the various aspects and phenomena of Spiritualism are those of the essential unity of the human family and the interdependence of the denizens of the various spheres upon each other.

Even the least developed of mortals strives for the advantage of his own personal family, and one more advanced adds that of his friends, whilst another, whose sympathy is more developed, pitying the hard fate of certain others to whom his attention is drawn, includes them also within the scope of his good-will and effort. Tracing this further, we see of necessity that the most enlightened of mortals must include all men within his range of sympathy, for as his clearer vision enables him to recognise in even the blackest of criminals the victims of heredity and environment, such become the objects of his pity and love rather than of his blame and abhorrence. Therefore it is not surprising to find all who have been mortal working in ever widening circles for the benefit of the whole human race, and we realise that the failure of an individual to develop along natural lines is a cause of concern and discomfort to the whole, even as pain in the extreme joint of a toe distresses the whole body and must be overcome in order that the whole body may enjoy health and comfort.

We can trace this law in the various circles devoted to mediumistic work; those spirits least developed return to warn their relatives by their fate; those more advanced urge the imitation of those actions and ideals which they find from experience to be beneficial; whilst those still more developed urge mortals to work by precept and example in the widest field of influence that the world affords them, at the same time availing themselves of the mediumship of the mortal to project their love and help even into those dark spheres in which love is unknown.

E. M.

WAR'S MYSTERIES.—An officer with an eye for the mysterious noted two strange incidents in the "great push." Just before the offensive four dogs came out of the German lines and crossed over to our lines. The Germans whistled and shouted, but the deserters held steadily on. Our men, of course, hailed it as an omen. The other incident was still more curious. In this war-scorched zone there is a road called Crucifixion Avenue. When our men reached this road they found every tree destroyed by the bombardment, and the road had been flanked by trees on both sides. But the large crucifix still stood there, and when it was examined closely it was impossible to find a single trace of shrapnel fire.—"Star."

THE WAY OF POWER.—When you have realised your spiritual perception . . . you will be surprised at the changes that will take place in your outlook. You will no longer behold the race as bent upon evil, for you will see the possibility for goodness in every created being. You will lose the sense of your impotence as a single drop in the ocean of creative force, for you will have joined your energising essence to the mighty minds that rule the revolutions of our planetary system, and you will know that all things are progressing toward perfection, and that even though a man, a nation or a race retrogress through error, yet error will burn itself out, and that in time all men shall behold the love of God.—ANNIE PITTS.